SOUTH LANDS

No. 2

$3.50

HEY!
Africa is
in the
south
too!

"RASCAL" © 6/'95 B Doore

Editorial

Issue 2

November 1995

Down Under Caterwaulings

Hiya once again to *South Fur Lands*. It's great if a magazine can make it off the ground, but it also takes work to keep it running. We're still running and hopefully will be for a long time. Of course, it helps if you have extremely enthusiastic people behind you. You know who you are, Craig and Terry.

We received plenty of good reviews about the first edition and some insightful criticism as well. Thank you all for your feedback. In issue one we also started a competition for a letters page title. All I can say is, does anyone read the editorial? Anyway we finally chose the name **Kangaroo Court**, considering that's the way most letter pages end up like anyway. [At least he's being honest about it—MML] **Kangaroo Court** will start in issue 3 so please write in and give us your thoughts. We really would like to hear from you.

After much deliberation, our mascot for *SFL* is Kylie from the cover of issue 1. Craig has given permission for anyone to use her in the mag as long as the character is noted as being his. Well, we'll see how far we can take her. I just hope her last name isn't Minogue.

This magazine *was* to be released in October but we realised that we just weren't giving ourselves enough time so we set the schedule back a month. All the final submission dates have not changed though, so check them out below.

For those in the US and abroad, *South Fur Lands* is now available from Ed Zolna at Mailbox Books at US$5 a copy, plus postage. His address is: PO Box 1278, Roslyn PA 19001, USA.

The crew of *South Fur Lands* will be at **OzCon** next year in Sydney on the 10th and 11th of February. Even though we won't have our own table (not being able to afford one), we'll still be selling copies of issues 1, 2 and hopefully 3 and the 'adults only' issue as well. We'll just latch on to someone at their table and beg them to give us space. We'll also try to set up a special furry gathering after the Con for those furries who come. For more details about **OzCon**, phone OzCon Conventions on (02) 267 1693.

To build up a dialogue between artists and readers, we would like all full page artwork submissions to be accompanied by a brief abstract which explains the drawing, the inspiration for it, or the *raison d'être* of the character. Check out the full page illustrations in this issue and the last to see what we mean.

That's all for now. Read on and enjoy the best of what Australia and New Zealand have to offer.

Jason (Jagafeh) Gaffney
Editor-in-Chief

Editor-in-Chief
Jason Gaffney

Text Editor
Typesetting
Marko Laine

Design Ideas
Additional Typesetting
Simon Raboczi

ERRATUM

As is true with all good independent publications, the first issue had some major blunders in it. The most serious was misspelling Grant's name every time we used it. At least we're consistent. His name is in fact spelt Grant Freck*el*ton, no matter *what* it says on his driver's licence. Sorry, Grant.

While we're on the subject, thanks go out to Grant for his patiently helping us get the best possible reproduction of his rodent drawing on page 15. You're an eagle among avians.

Marko Laine
Text Editor

It is with deep sadness that we report the death of Craig Hilton's father, Raymond Colin Hilton. He passed away on Friday the 20th of October 1995, of a dissecting aneurysm of the aorta. He was 73 years of age at the time. Raymond Hilton was an engineer and an incurable inventor who was always tinkering with things. He developed an interest in computers in his later years. Our condolences go out to Craig Hilton and his family.

Submission Deadlines

Issue 3 and Adults Only #1.....31st December 1995

Issue 4.....31st March 1996

Issue 2

November 1995

South Fur Lands

Contents

Bernard Doove — *Cover*



Amy Pronovost — *2*

Liquid Gold — *4*
by Skye Ogden

The King Must Die! — *7*
A review of **The Lion King** by Craig Hilton



David Buttenshaw — *11*

Tank Vixen Girls — *12*
A song by Terry Knight

Grant Freckelton — *14*

Wyrm: The Storm — *16*
by Belinda Kelly



Bernard Doove — *22*

Paradise — *24*
A song by Jason Gaffney



Furry Fandom—An Insider's View from the Outside (Part I) — *26*
by Craig Hilton

The Poem — *31*
by Marko Laine and Jason Gaffney

David Buttenshaw — ***Back Cover***

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ALEXIS THE FOX **Amy Pronovost**

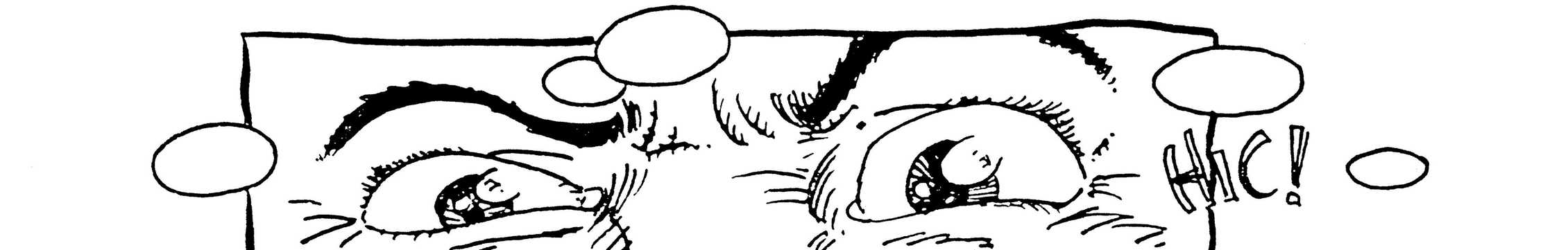
I have always drawn foxes, it's my favourite animal. I was trying for a slightly shamanistic look to the picture, but it ended up looking more medieval and it stuck. There is a vague storyline revolving around all the characters, but even I haven't really got the fine details down yet. Alexis was a warrior of the Dark Order. She left without any warning and is being hunted by the rest of the Dark Order, except for Oryx, who is a former lover of hers. She is with a tribe of roguish-looking people who plant to bring down the ruler of the continent because everybody is sick of him or something to that effect. To do so there are two ways... the easy way, which involves a magical sceptre, and the hard way which is doing it without. Well, there are three groups after this sceptre — Alexis' band, the Dark Order (who want it to prevent it from being used against them) and a tribe of Mouse bandits who are a lot more organised than most people think.



RODY MEETS ALEXIS **Amy Pronovost**

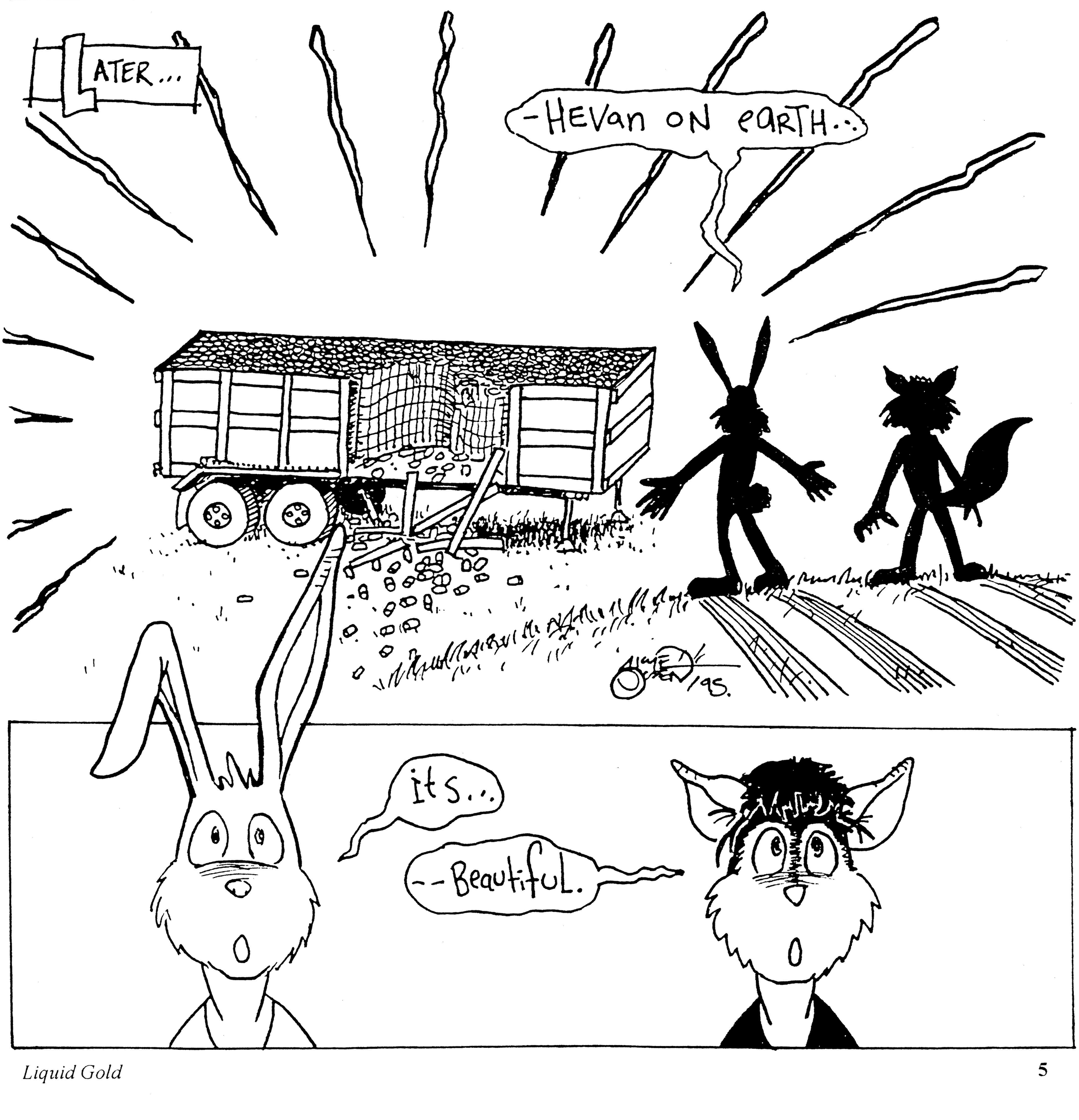
Two members of the Mouse tribe wander away from the tribe in search of adventure—Rody and (was it Sevin or Temik… I have lost the original). They manage to stumble across the sceptre. Everyone finds out and they hide it somewhere. Alexis' group find Rody and co first and Rody (who would sound like *Eek the Cat*) shows them where he hid it… but it's not there. RODY MEETS ALEXIS is Alexis' response to this… "What do you mean you've lost it?!?" Rody just says "Sorry ma'am… can you put me down now?" And I just have to figure out a storyline for after that.

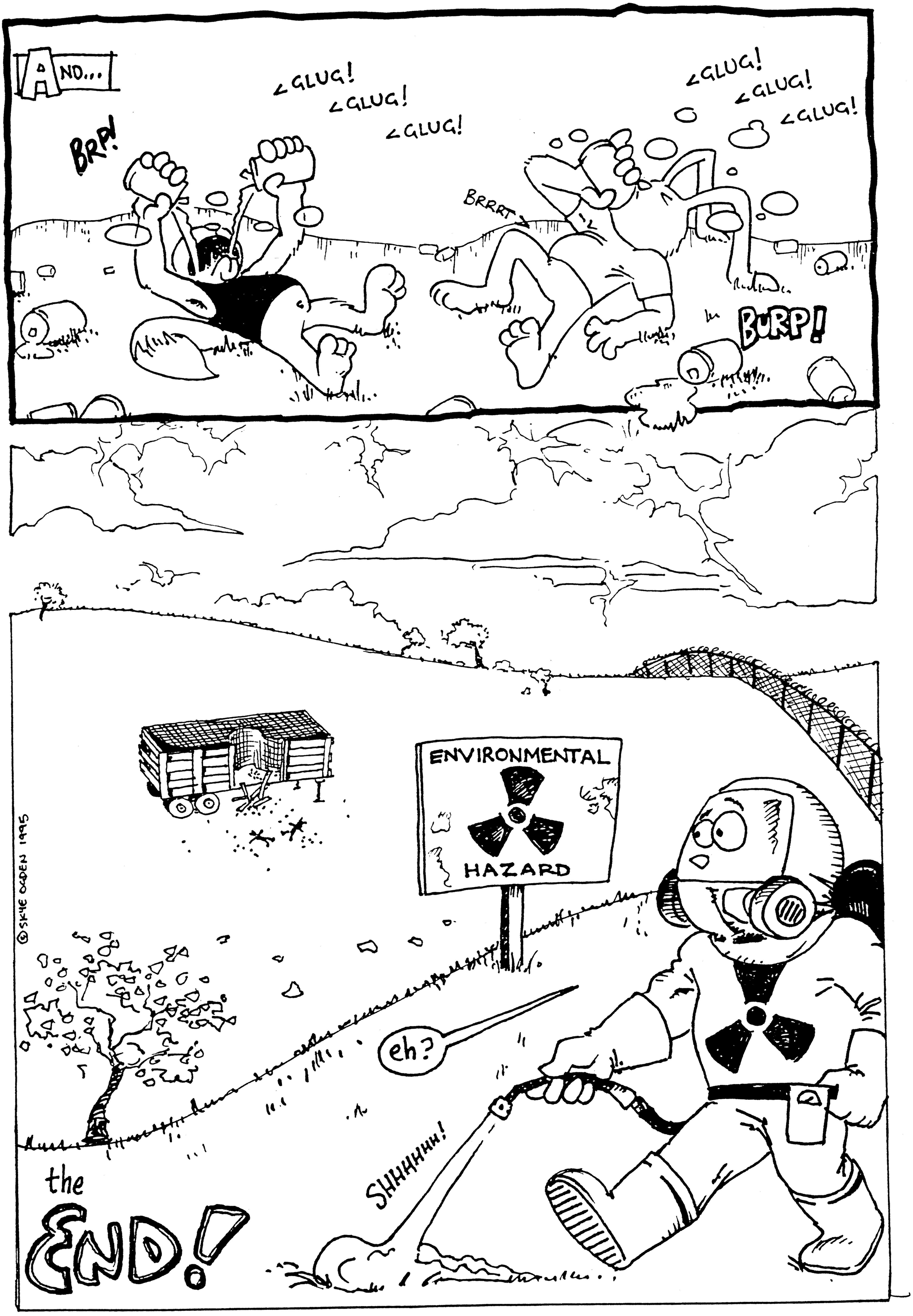



HIC!
BURP!
WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET THESE?!? THAINT NORMLILL...
BURP!


F--Found 'em! theres a Whole trailer Full!
--Out NowherE!
LA LA LA!


Were runnin out so U gotta elp. Hic!elp me get some More...
Oh-chay?
Hic!
mmmMmmm
glug!
glug!
ACE


LATER...
-HEVan oN eaRTH...
it's..
--BeautifuL.


AND...
BRP!
<GLUG!
<GLUG!
<GLUG!
BRRRT
<GLUG!
<GLUG!
<GLUG!
BURP!
ENVIRONMENTAL
HAZARD
eh?
SHHHHHH!
the
END!
©SKYE OGDEN 1995

The King Must Die!

A review of Disney's **The Lion King**

or

Complete absence of any meaningful plot? Hey, *hakuna matata*!

by Craig Hilton

Adapted from a passage originally appearing in the APA *Rowrbrazzle*

With last year's Disney feature animation coming out on video this year, perhaps it's a good time to air my own views on **The Lion King**, particularly with regard to the storyline. I do like to catch the annual Disney offering regularly, faithfully even, and this is what I did at the cinema last year. Now having seen it once, I have no desire to see it ever again, even on video.

The Lion King is the only Disney animated feature that I've ever actually hated. This is due in the large part to my feeling that the story writing fell pathetically short of its goal, and since it was (I think) the fourth highest grossing movie in box office history, the significance of its impact on the hearts and minds of the people of the world cannot be ignored. Millions of formative imaginations will be swamped by its confounding messages and woolly thinking, or at least risk coming away from the narrative experience with the impression "This is as good as it gets." Pity. Using the basics of good storytelling, it could have been so, so much better.

The Lion King is a parable about leadership and responsibility. Now, I imagine that its initial concept may have gone like this: Mufasa, a wise and good king, is giving his son Simba the education he needs to succeed him on the throne as a just ruler, but his evil, greedy brother Scar has ambitions of his own. Scar arranges for Mufasa to be killed, and furthermore deceives Simba into thinking the death was his fault. Thus with a heavy burden of guilt, Simba leaves the kingdom, expected never to return. But as the only true and proper leader, he is also abandoning the office that is his responsibility, and under the tyrannical rule of Scar the whole kingdom, including those he loves, suffers. Heedless of this, Simba fritters his years away in an idyllic life with a couple of carefree friends, and if he is ever tempted to think about his neglected duty he shies away from it, unwilling to face up to the pain of his guilt. Nevertheless, his destiny catches up with him. Persuaded to return by the love of his childhood sweetheart, the wisdom of the holy man and the memory of his father's teachings, he confronts both Scar's corrupt empire and his own earlier failings and through untapped stores of courage defeats evil and puts everything to right again.

This had the makings not only of an excellent adventure story but also the vehicle for several object lessons, which I'm sure the originators intended:

1) The easy life is a fool's paradise when there are responsibilities to be faced;
2) Sooner or later you must confront your fears, and when you don't, cowardice, self-pity and self-indulgence are all different aspects of the same deplorable weakness;
3) Greatness comes not from how we are born but what we have the sense to learn and do;
4) A king must not only rule his people but also serve them;
5) A true leader's power is bought at the price of the ongoing burden of responsibility;
6) Cautious valour, which is essential in a leader, is different from the irresponsibility of reckless adventurism;
7) Of all of us who are involved in life's misadventures, only some are guilty and none is unforgivable.

The problem began, I suspect, when this had to be fitted into the popular demographics in order to make it a safe risk for the absolutely enormous capital investment put into it. Young Simba had to be a Bambi-cute cub of the middle-American kid mould. When he grew up, he had to be a mid/late teen. There could not be too many lion characters, just the main three and a few down-stage lionesses, that was the limit. The villain had to be bad, and the henchmen a few sneaky numbers, foreign of course but likeable in their own way lest it all be accused of being racist, and not too many otherwise it would be confusing. But there had to be an evil army, for spectacle and menace, so they should drag in a cast of a thousand faceless extras. Add in the obligatory couple of wisecracking clowns to pop in here and there with their wacky antics, a stuffy British aide-de-camp for the Brits and an actual African for the mystical meaningful thread to link the whole thing together and they had a financial venture with a little bit of something for everyone. No one has to like it *all*, reassured the number-crunchers, but if everybody likes at least ten per cent it will sell all the plastic mugs you could possibly budget for. (True, in fact. I *did* like the bits with Rowan Atkinson.)

I can imagine the power struggles in the Disney boardrooms. The story writers on the one side wanting to trim down this and rework that, and the bean counters on the other, frantically pointing to their tables of market share breakdowns. Perhaps I'm being too hard on the writers. Perhaps it was the best result that could have been expected to have come out of a committee steered by accountants. This is all pure speculation. I do know historically, however, that Walt Disney (the man) valued one thing in particular as his secret of success. It was less about the amount of special effects on the drawing boards and more about the simple imperative, first and foremost, of telling a top class story.

The trouble really began when **The Lion King**'s team tried next to blend the prerequisite family morality into the natural setting of the African plains. It is a balanced ecosystem, granted, but life goes on *without* morality, and the only way you can get it in there is to force it. You've got a king who's the ruler—a Wise and Just ruler of course—who has the best interest of the whole population at heart. Well in real life, lions and lionesses hang around herds of antelope so that any time they get hungry they can kill one and eat it. When they don't kill, it's because they're full up. They stake out their turf pretty well—any excess lions who can't hack it up the social scale are forced out of the system and risk starvation on their own. The set-up has a wild beauty of its own, and it *is* a "circle of life" in its own right, but noble it isn't. So when Mufasa has to get this concept across in two and a half minutes of screen time, he is inevitably forced to stretch it beyond credibility and it just becomes ridiculous. Simba doesn't understand "The Circle of Life", and neither does any thinking audience. Quite simply, unless you're going to invent a totally new ecosystem, you're stuck with the natural fact that a lion doesn't do a gazelle any favours, and people will laugh at you when you try to convince them otherwise. (See LESSON 4)

What does **The Lion King** teach us about leadership, then? What does Mufasa *do* for the herbivores that makes them so worship every new mouth he brings into the world? Well *I* felt that the film belittled his role almost entirely, in the scene where Zazu the hornbill delivered the day's agenda to him. The important affairs for the king's attention were shown to be as if they were a load of petty gossip that would invariably blow over without him. That was except for one thing—keeping the hyenas out. It was the one thing Mufasa seemed to treat with any real seriousness. Could this have been for anything other than selfish reasons? Would the herd animals have cared less if the teeth around their throats were of one species or the other? But hang on—there was only the one lion (Neither Scar, Simba nor any of the few lionesses could take part, and there were *no others*, remember?) against...how many hyenas on the border? Three or so, I guess. And shortly afterwards we do meet Shenzi, Ed and Banzai, who admit to being terrified even the three of them against the one fierce lion. But then—lo and behold!—we move on to a scene where Scar secretly drills an entire *army* of them in preparation for the day when that one lion won't be there to stop them! Metaphorical imagery, perhaps? No, there they all are again at the end of the film, as large as life. We're starting to suffer from the numbers game, and the plot is starting to look decidedly loopy.

Sure, an audience doesn't go to a film to pick holes in it like this, but if the back of your brain is working overtime to suspend belief, the front of it can't help but feel the strain.

Let's see. Scar does a serviceable job of conning the inexperienced young Simba into entering the forbidden area, full of far more danger than he can possibly handle. This con scene is well done and believable. (I loved seeing silver-tongued Scar in action, a sort of leonine Saruman.) Off Simba goes, and he comes perilously close to being killed, before being saved by his father. Now *here* is a crucial opportunity lost by the storytellers, a chance for the moment of raw vitality which never came. In the deadly world of the powerful, the stakes are as high as existence itself. You must learn your lessons fast or die, and if you die your kingdom will collapse leaderless without you. Mufasa has perhaps only one chance to impress this on him. Simba was lucky even to have survived this once, and if he is to go on living he must listen and listen with all his being. It's life and death! Instead, "I'm only brave when I have to be," says Mufasa... "Oh, how can I stay angry with you?" and plays with him. Has Simba learned his lesson? Well if I read the mood of the audience right, the answer is no.



Not any more than if you had yanked your child, say, from the path of an oncoming truck and then said "You should only be on the road if you're crossing it, you know, but how can I stay angry with you?" (LESSONS 6 and 5) Bland, bland, bland!

An even worse misrepresentation is going on at this time, though. Not only do we see Simba heading off for a little mischief, but he's being an arrogant little prig too. He's riding for a fall. Sure. An excellent lead up to a plot crisis. The cub is singing "I just can't wait to be king," and as viewers who know better, we expect he's going to learn his very hard lesson sooner or later, that being king is not just about getting your own way all the time. But he never does. Mufasa doesn't bring him down to earth with a thump. He treats him like a lovable tyke who's had a pretty adventurous day. Of course this is fine if you want to raise a little despot, but oh what a gaping hole it's left in the movie's central concept. (LESSON 5) By the time Mufasa dies, I'm not convinced that Simba has learned *any* of the important lessons of leadership.

This is a crucial weakness in the film, and a crucial mis-message that millions of impressionable viewers will absorb. The spin is that kingship is Simba's by birthright and not due to his father's wise teaching. He was "born to be king", *ergo* he's a good leader. The effort he could put into learning to make wise decisions in the management of his subjects is as nothing compared with his natural talent. (LESSON 3). Now it is true of course that in the classic storylines of all time, one of the greatest is the overlooked hero(-ine) with the hidden talent. But what has Simba been born as that makes him so special, this *Panthera goldenchild*? He's the lovable All-American kid, the one that all the other slightly-less-than-ideal American kids are calculated to identify with. Him up there... he's me. Genetically superior. Can't you tell by the accent? (What do the African and Latin Americans say? "I guess I'm sort of like Shenzi—she's a loser, but she's neat"? What do the market share in the rest of the *world* say?) My point is this—the message of **The Lion King** is that to achieve greatness in life the main thing, indeed in the end the *only* thing, is to be born right.

Am I going a little overboard? Well it seems not. Otherwise how would you explain what happens next? We go to Simba's time in the wilderness, after Mufasa's death. In human-equivalent terms as this parable goes, he leaves at the age of... oh... eight and returns as maybe eighteen years old. (Please correct me if you differ on this.) Many great stories give the hero a time of trial in a wilderness, where wisdom is learned through hardship, so that he returns as a stronger person to rise to his final challenge and prevail against the odds, having once been hardened in the fires of adversity. In Simba's case the complete opposite occurs. Apparently, it seems, his "wilderness" is bountiful and he isn't challenged by adversity at all. He comes out of it not hardened but softened. He spends what for you and me would be most of primary school and all high school loafing around in the lap of luxury with a couple of pals who are not in the *least* bit challenging. If he hadn't learned how to lead a pride of lions from his father yet, he certainly wasn't going to pick it up here. And yet both Nala and Rafiki urge him to return, as his kingdom needs him to put it back into order. With what? Innate qualities, presumably. Will a generation of kiddies get the right idea from this, then? Why bother to work at getting to where you want? Relax. You can always turn it on when you need it. (LESSONS 1 and 2)

Credit where it's due. One scene with Rafiki had the right idea: "Your mistakes hurt. Learn by them and do better next time." Then again, another with Mufasa's spirit was just plain corny: "I am your father. It is your destiny." (A sort of leonine Darth Vader.)

But what happened in the majority of Simba's lifetime, spent in the company of Timon and Pumbaa? Oh, what adventures they must have had! The times and the fun they must have shared through those many years! How strong must have been the bond of friendship between this inseparable trio. Wronnng! At a moment's notice Simba is quite happy to turn his back on them and return to his people. "It's been great, guys, but so long." What a bastard! Mind you, Timon wasn't much better. He only wanted to tag along because there might have been an angle in it for him, having a friend in a position of power and all that. He certainly didn't seem to make his decision on the basis of an enduring affection. Perhaps this feature was a device to demonstrate how shallow relationships are in The Easy Life... but no—that would credit the writers with too much sophistication.

Meanwhile, what's happening back at the savannah? Scar is king, as is his right by lawful succession given that Simba is missing presumed dead. So how's he rating as a leader? Well without Mufasa to forbid them entry, five thousand hyenas have migrated into the land. The herbivores have become so pissed off that they've all gotten up and left. As a result there's very little food, and as Scar and the five thousand hyenas in his corrupt regime get the first pick, the three or four lionesses at the end of the queue are chronically hungry. To make matters worse, the weather's gone out in sympathy, hitting them with drought and famine. So have we all learned the traits of a good leader now, children? Or are you just as confused as I am?

Then comes showdown time. Simba must confront both Scar and his own personal guilt. The former will be just a straight-out climactic fight, and we all know who's going to win, exciting as the contest may be. No, it is in the *latter* that the emotional power of the film must reside. We all know that Simba wasn't really to blame for his father's death. With practical, child-like faith he had just sat in the spot where his Uncle Scar had told him to. Scar himself had engineered the rest of the trap from there. Simba should have known that too by now. But when he challenges Scar publicly, and the evil uncle simply says "If you hadn't been there. Mufasa would still be alive today," and a humiliated Simba bows down and agrees, to the disparaging comments of his pride, he loses it. He doesn't come back with the obvious reply: "I was there, but I did nothing wrong". Maybe he hasn't

worked that bit out yet. It would be nice if that excruciatingly patent piece of the puzzle could be stuck into place for us all to see, just for completeness' sake, but it isn't. Not at this particular moment. Nor at any time thereafter. Not even when Scar confides at the zenith of the duel to the death that it was he who actually, literally, killed Mufasa. This is the fact that galvanises Simba into his final burst of strength which lets him win the fight, and quite rightly he's upset by the confession. But at no stage has he come to the knowledge (the plain as bleedin' daylight knowledge) that it wasn't his fault to begin with. Perhaps the writers wanted to use this blind spot as a plot device, designed to prolong the tension in the build up to the climax. The actual effect, I'm afraid, is just to make him look terminally stupid. (LESSON 7)

And so finally Scar is killed, Simba triumphs, the hyenas bug out, the rains come and the herd animals decide it's finally safe again to come back and be eaten. Good has vanquished evil, and we can all slowly file out of the cinema to the sound of Elton John wailing slightly flat. After the film, we can even go next door for a Simba-burger. But is it really the sort of creation we can be proud of? You might be conned into calling it a family film, teaching our children family values. Rubbish. It does nothing of the sort.

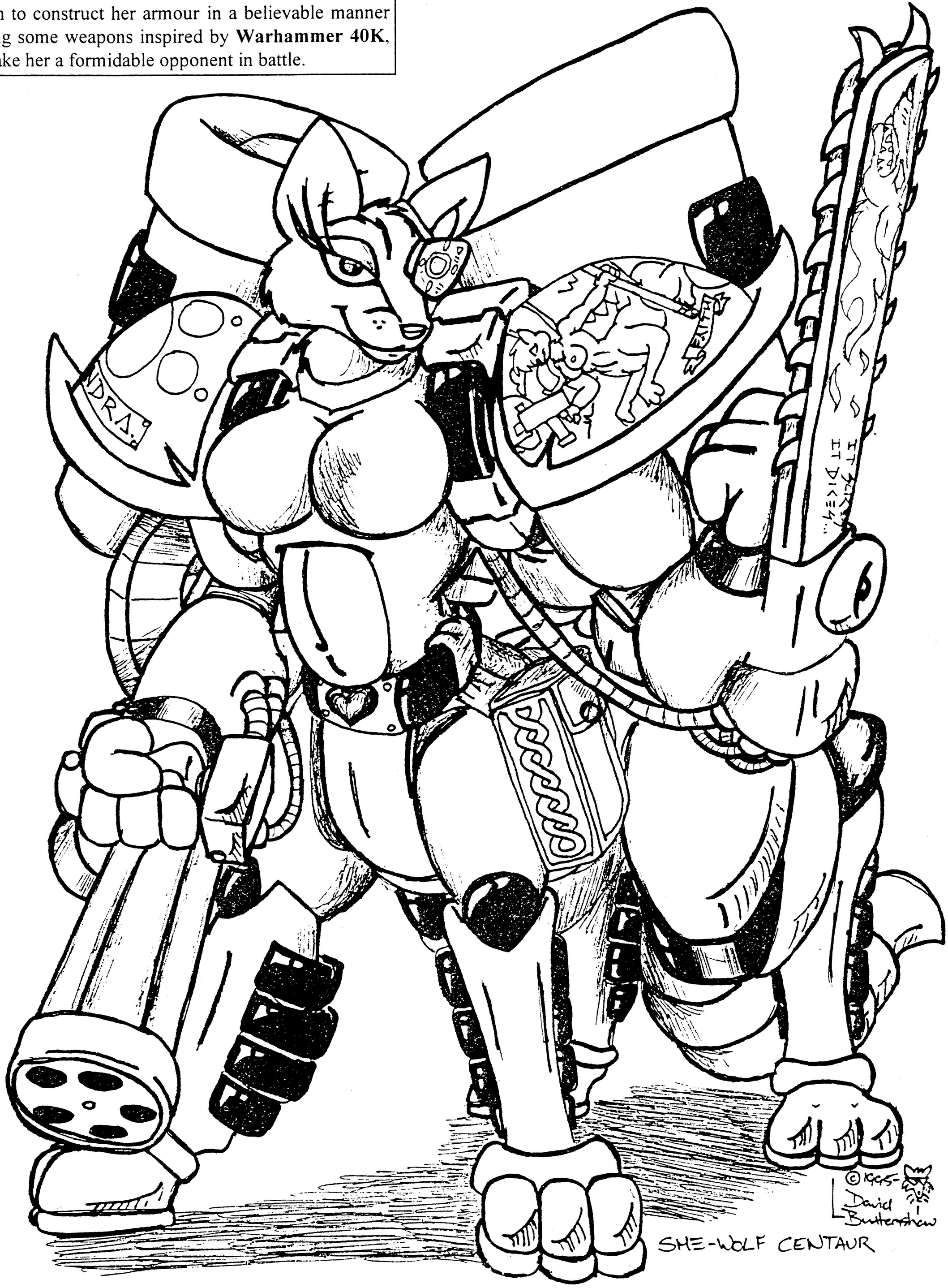
The Lion King is a collection of badly fitted-together bits. Some are nice, some are fun, some exciting, but what's missing is a good story. The creators concentrated too much on having "the right bits", too little on the oneness of the concept, and the result was a highly lucrative film that was so silly it made me cringe. You can talk all you like about *Simba vs Kimba*, and whether **The Lion King** was built on a stolen idea. To me that's not important. What's really important is whether it was a good film, and I don't think it was at all. Financially, it was big. Historically it will never be ignored. But as a creation, I choose to think of it under the label: "Can do better if they try."

So those of you out there who didn't catch **The Lion King** on the cinema circuit may certainly rent the video to see what you make of it. I certainly recommend it to the story-writers and critical thinkers among you, as an example of what to avoid when you're tossing around an idea for a plot. Remember—this is *not* as good as it gets. Watch it, put it aside, and then go on out and do better.



SHE-WOLF CENTAUR **David Buttenshaw**

Basically, I was curious about what a centaur would look like in power armour, and not just a stereotypical horse/man centaur but a wolf/woman centaur. Thus I began to construct her armour in a believable manner adding some weapons inspired by **Warhammer 40K**, to make her a formidable opponent in battle.



TANK VIXEN GIRLS:



Tank Vixen characters © P. Kidd, M. Sagara 1993

TK 1995

Terry Knight

TANK VIXEN GIRLS

A tribute (?) to Paul Kidd/Mike Sagara (with apologies to Freddie Mercury)

by Terry Knight

To the tune of "Fat Bottomed Girls" by Queen.

CHORUS: Ohhhhhhhhhh… from Antarctic Press tonight
Ohhhhhhhhhh… gonna read by bedside light
Ohhhhhhhhhh… gonna see them in their battle dress
Tank Vixen Girls, you make the Furry world go round!

Hey!
I was a toony furry fan
Had no truck with Spiderman
Thought that Tiny Toons were the best Toons I could see
Then I met that Captain Zeera
Just so glad to really see her
That vixen made a fanboy out of me!

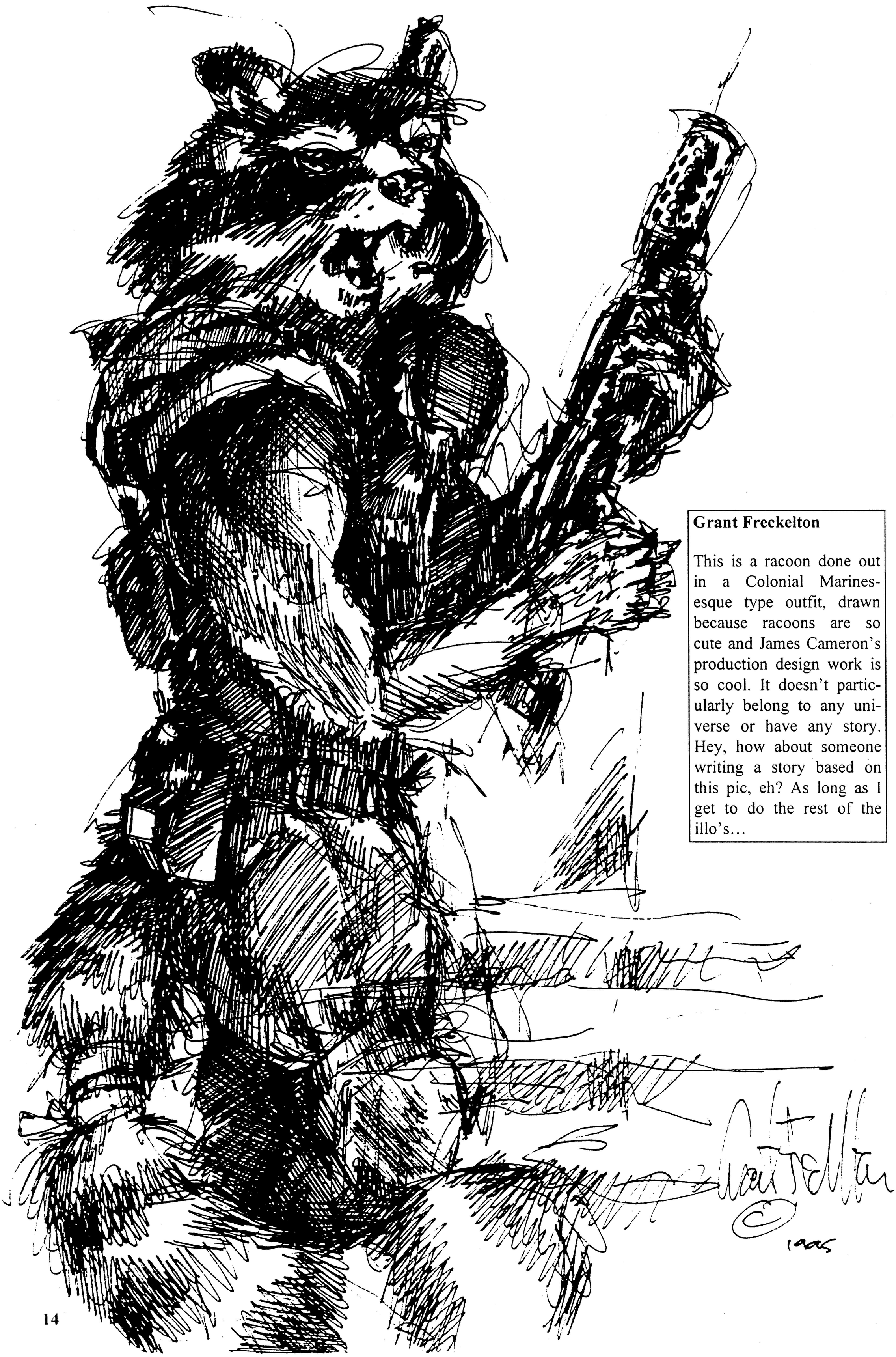
Well I've seen cats and I've seen skunks
Spotted canines under bunks
I've seen ev'ry blue-eyed furry on the way
But their beauty and their style
Wear kind of smooth after a while
Take me to them naughty vixens ev'ry time!

CHORUS: Ohhhhhhhhhh… from Antarctic Press tonight
Ohhhhhhhhhh… gonna read by bedside light
Ohhhhhhhhhh… gonna see them in their battle dress
Tank Vixen Girls, you make the Furry world go round!

Now my mind is furry-set:
Reading alt.fan.furry on Internet
Though there's not much tail in this locality
Gonna keep my furry treasures
And enjoy the simple pleasures
Gee, those vixens made a Vulpophile of me!

So get this!
Ohhhhhhhhhh… from Antarctic Press tonight
Ohhhhhhhhhh… gonna read by bedside light
Ohhhhhhhhhh… gonna see them in their battle dress
Tank Vixen Girls, you make the Furry world go round!

Get on your Tanks and ride!!!



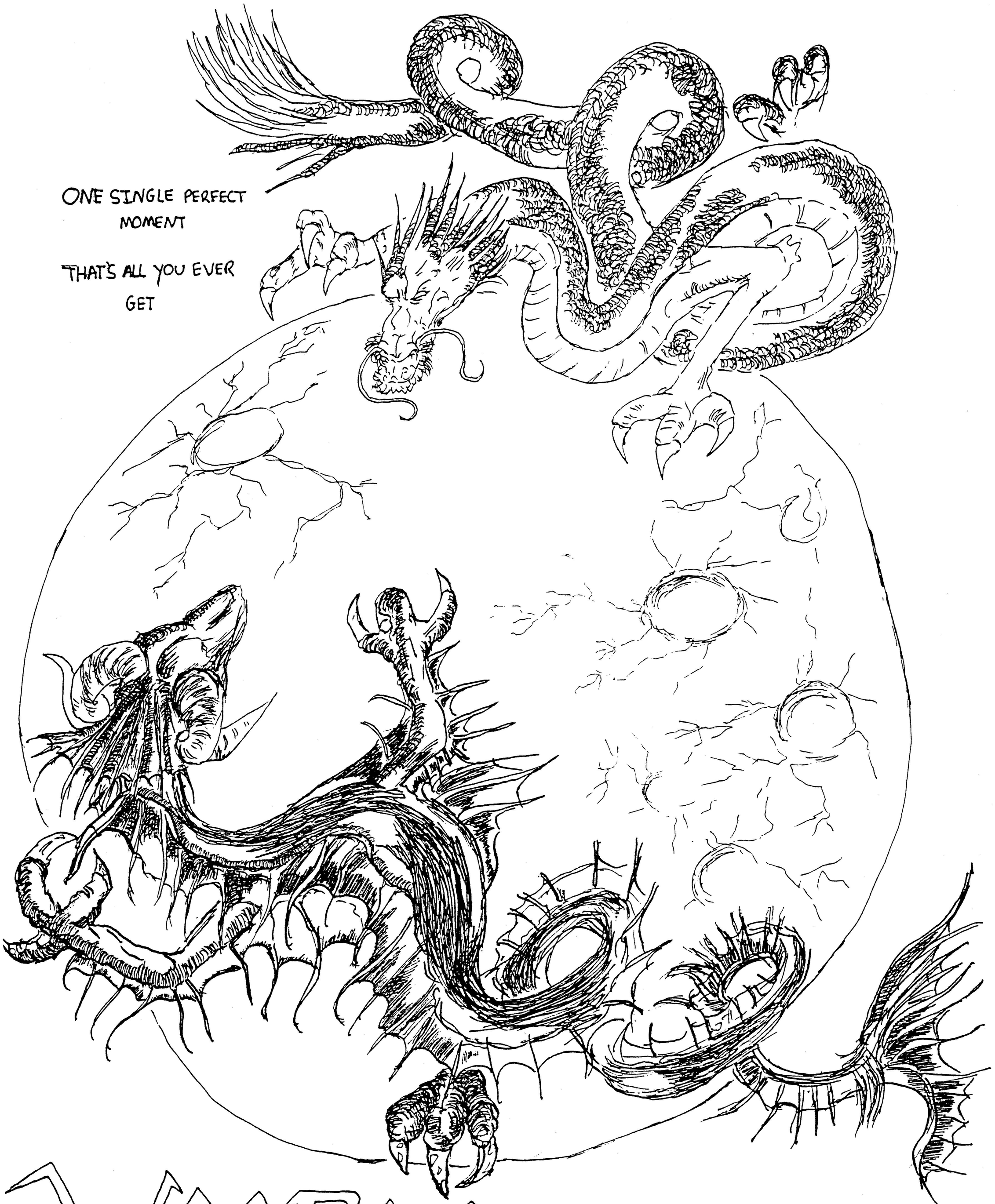
Grant Freckelton

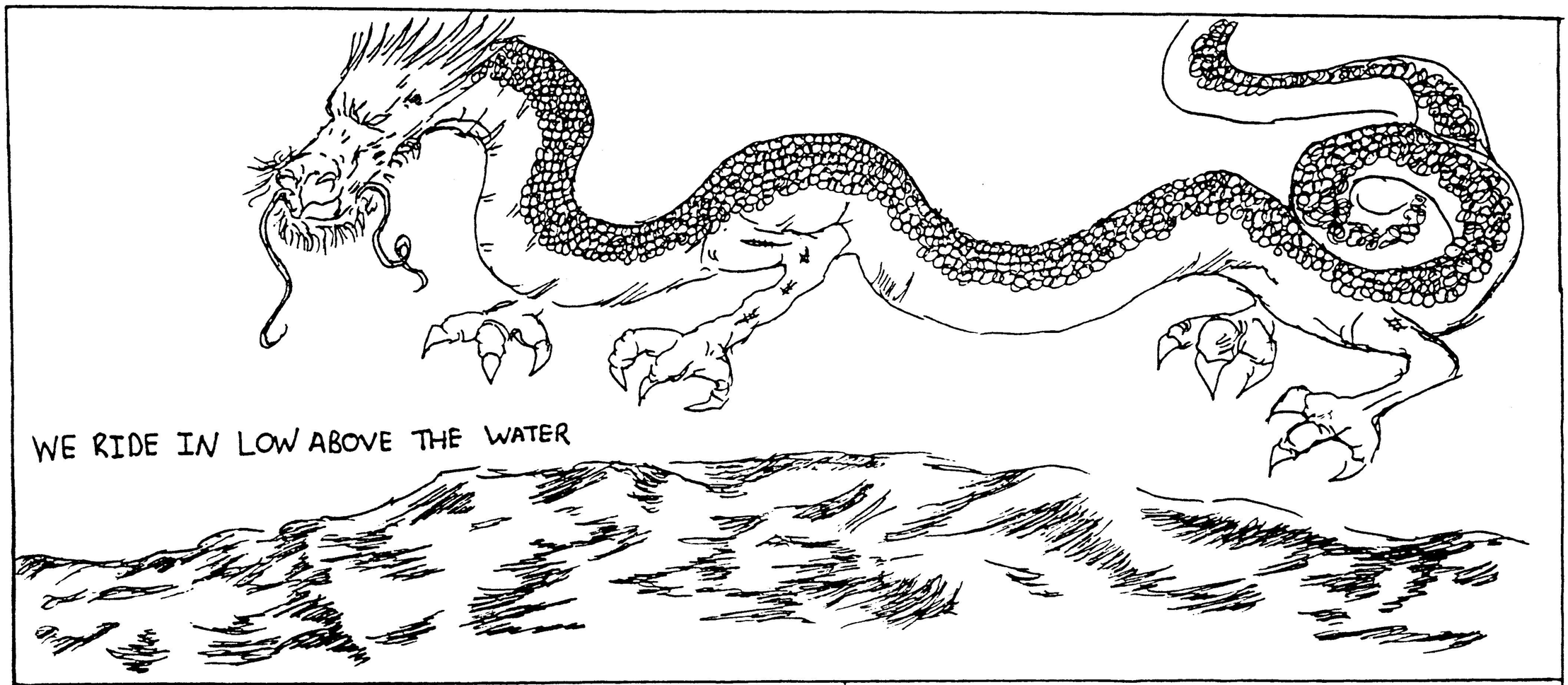
This is a racoon done out in a Colonial Marines-esque type outfit, drawn because racoons are so cute and James Cameron's production design work is so cool. It doesn't particularly belong to any universe or have any story. Hey, how about someone writing a story based on this pic, eh? As long as I get to do the rest of the illo's...



Grant Freckelton

Noticing a lot of my work is eye-level-on-the-ground-floor sort of stuff, I did this one just to take another perspective on things. I liked the results. I also liked the way I used shadows in this one, like *furry noir* or some such thing... Why this rodent is holding a torch is beyond me, I guess it just made for an interesting use of light.


ONE SINGLE PERFECT MOMENT
THAT'S ALL YOU EVER GET
WYRM
THE STORM

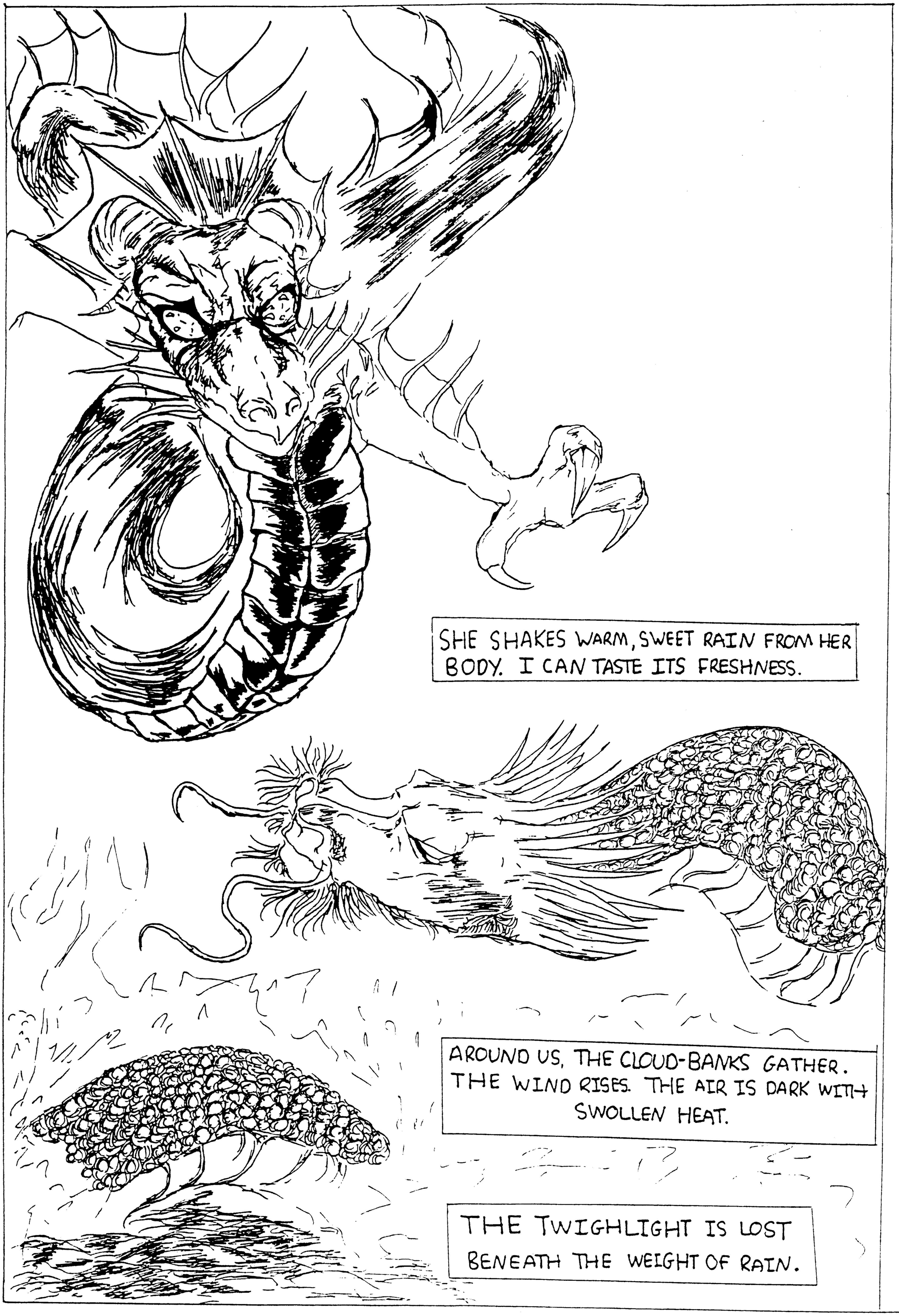

WE RIDE IN LOW ABOVE THE WATER


A SMALL, PREDATORY BIRD REGARDS ME WITH YELLOW EYES


SILVER STREAMS OF FISH RUN WITH THE CURRENTS

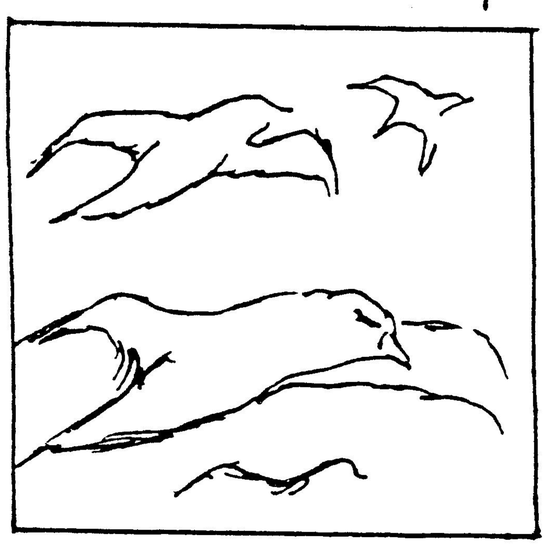

WIND BEGINS TO STIR THE PALMS


SMALL CRABS SCUTTLE INTO SAND-DUG BURROWS.
THEY KNOW THE STORM IS COMING


SHE SHAKES WARM, SWEET RAIN FROM HER BODY. I CAN TASTE ITS FRESHNESS.
AROUND US, THE CLOUD-BANKS GATHER. THE WIND RISES. THE AIR IS DARK WITH SWOLLEN HEAT.
THE TWIGHLIGHT IS LOST BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF RAIN.

WE DANCE THE OVERTURE TO THE STORM.

THE BIRDS SCATTER INTO RAGGED FLOCKS AND FLY AWAY.

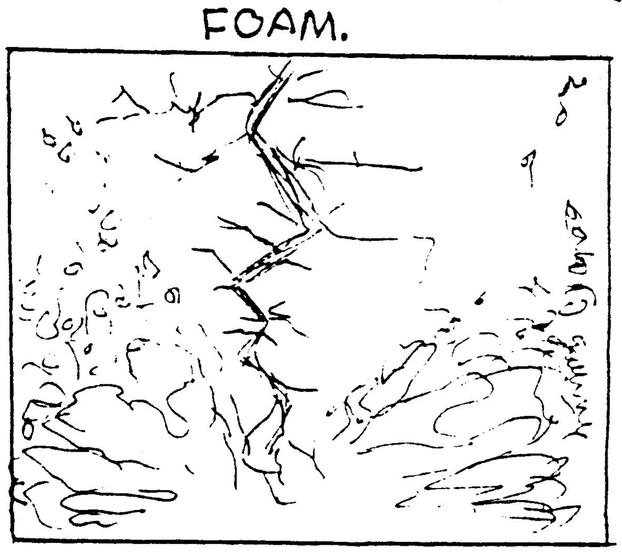


THE CLOUDS SWIRL AND GATHER DARKNESS.





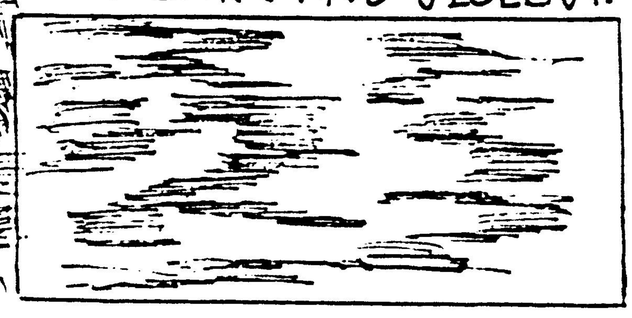
LIGHTNING SHATTERS THE FOAM.



THE WAVES BREAK WITH A TERRIBLE STRENGTH.



THE MOOD OF THE WATER IS DARK AND VIOLENT.



WE DANCE THE CRESENDO.



WE DANCE THE STORM AS IT UNGATHERS

THE CLOUDS DRIFT APART

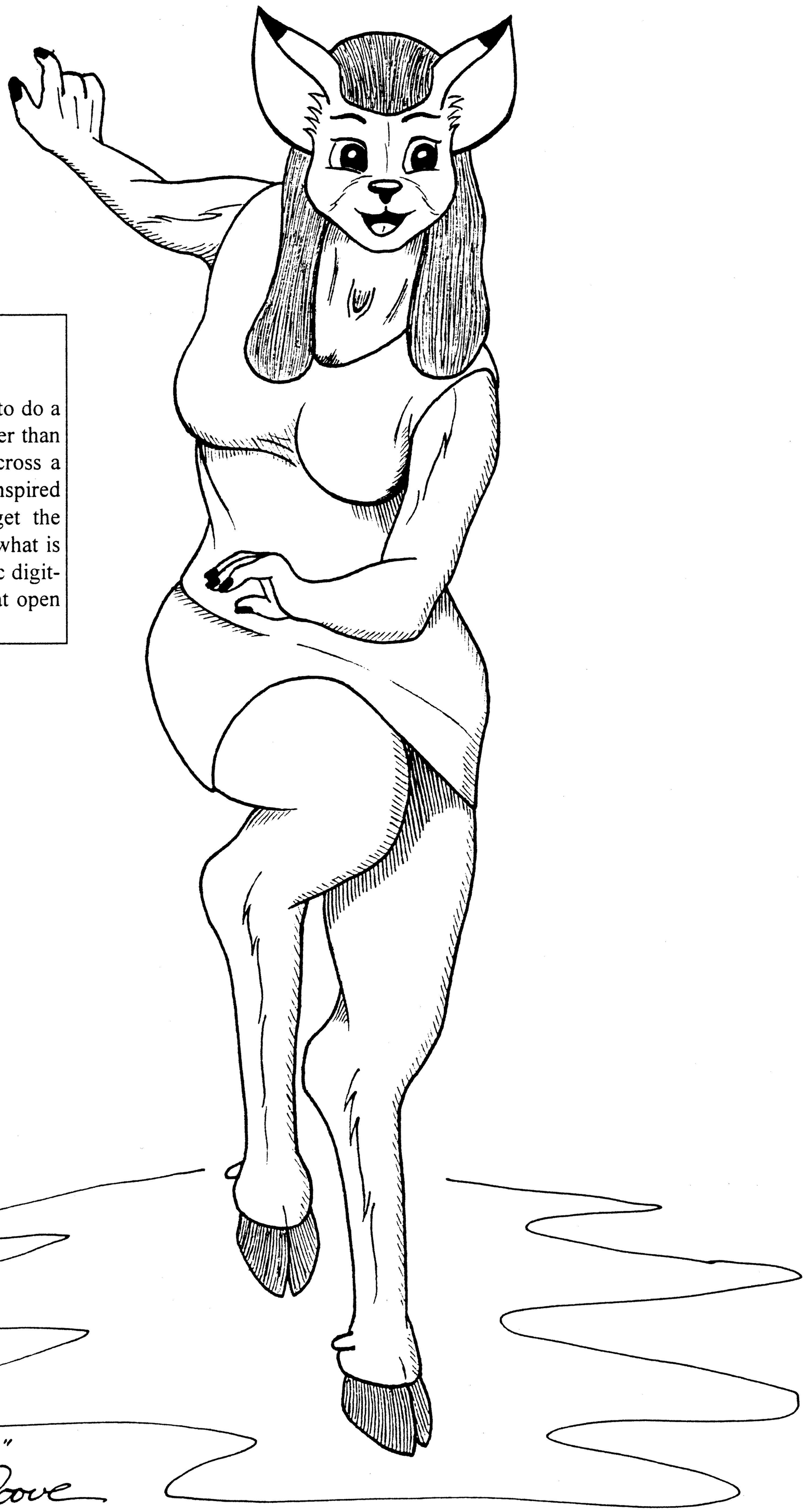
THE WAVES ARE GENTLE

THE AIR IS STILL

I CONTINUE TO TREAD THE AIR
AND SHE RISES, COVERED IN SPRAY
AND FOAM, RADIATING ENERGY

HER EYES GLEAM LIKE BALLS OF
MERCURY. FOR ONE INSTANT THEY
HOLD EVERYTHING: THE FIELD OF STARS,
THE WAVES, THE WIND AND ME.


ONE SINGLE PERFECT MOMENT
THAT'S ALL WE EVER GET



HOOFING IT
Bernard Doove

When I drew this, I wanted to do a deer character in action rather than the typical pose. I came across a picture in a magazine that inspired this shot and helped me get the proportions right, although what is right for an anthropomorphic digitigrade character is somewhat open to interpretation!

<< ARCTIC POOL
* WARNING: SUB-ZERO ENVIRONMENT *

<< CUB'S POOL
☆☆ FULLY SUPERVISED ☆☆

WHITEWATER RAPIDS >>
* WARNING: RECOMMENDED FOR AQUATIC MORPHS ONLY *

LAGOON POOL >>
☆☆ TROPICALLY WARM WATERS ☆☆

GOING FOR A DIP — **Bernard Doove**

I just wanted to draw an otter character and where else would you be likely to see one? Actually, I really would like to see the bathing faclities suit a whole range of morphs' needs or desires.
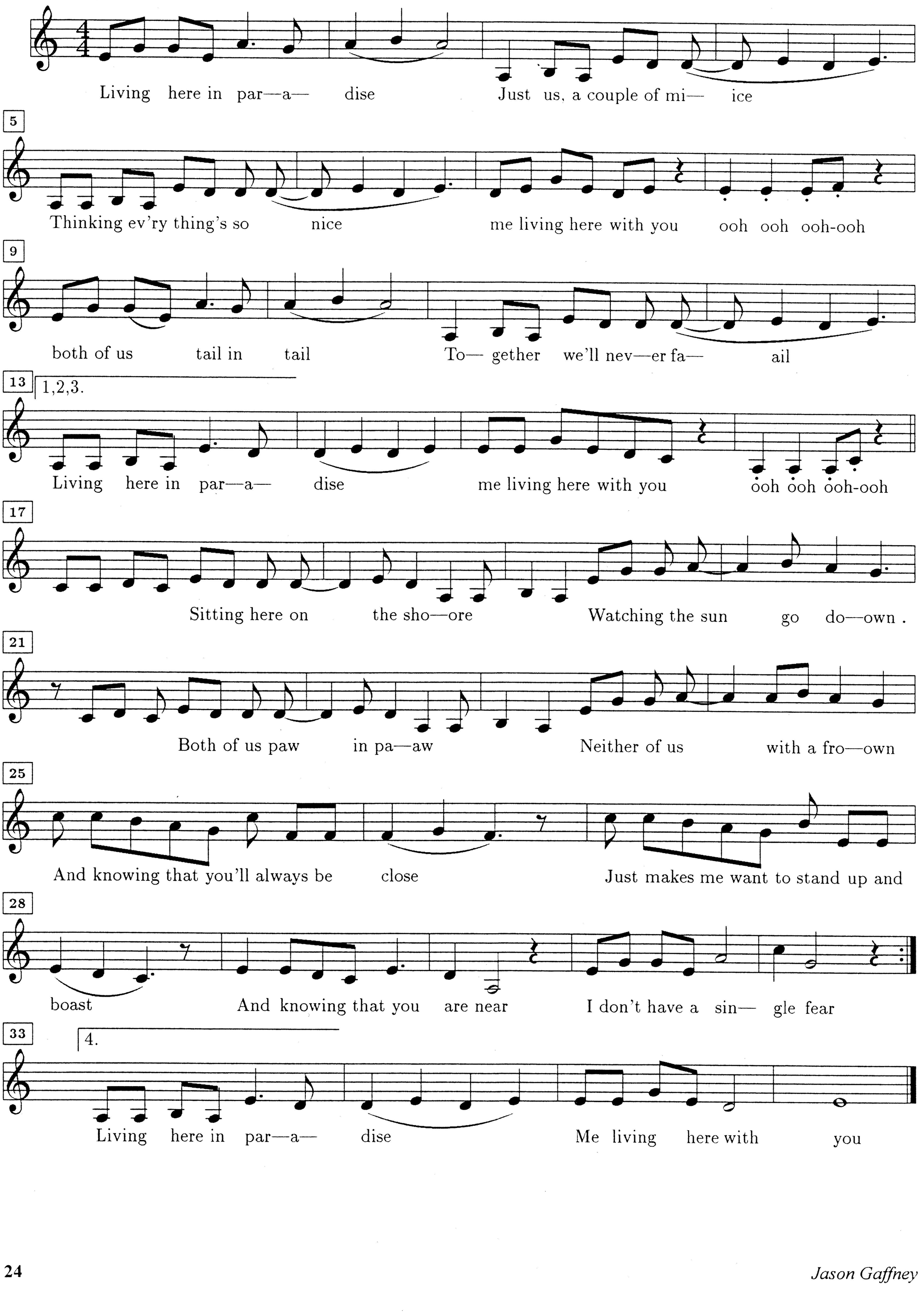


B Doove
© 4/95

"Going For A Dip"

Paradise

Jason Gaffney



Chorus

Living here in paradise
Just us a couple of mice
Thinking ev'ry thing's so nice
Me living here with you

Both of us tail in tail
Together we'll never fail
Living here in paradise
Me living here with you

Verse 1

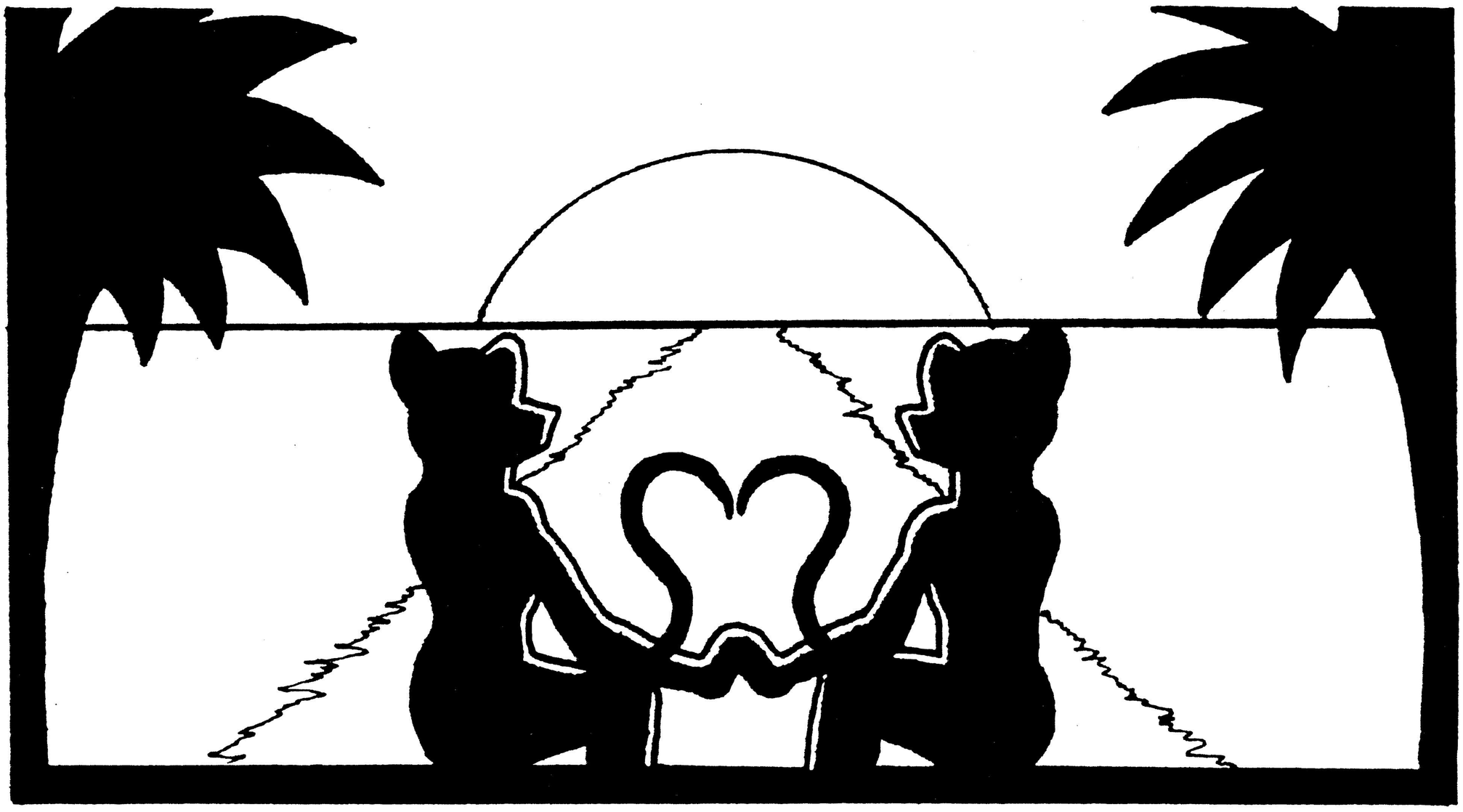
Sitting here on the shore
Watching the sun go down
Both of us paw in paw
Neither of us with a frown
And knowing that you'll always
be close
Just makes me want to stand
up and boast
And knowing that you are here
I don't have a single fear

Verse 2

Walking on down the beach
Under the stars up high
You'll never be out of reach
And do you want to know why?
Because when you are standing
near me
Yes, in your eye I plainly can
see
That the love that you can
bring
Will just make me want to sing

Verse 3

Lying down in our house
With the storm overhead
You are the only mouse
That I'll take to my own bed
And as together we become
entwined
And feeling both of our own fur
combined
Makes the warmth you make
for me
Fill my mind with ecstasy.



Furry Fandom—An Insider's View from the Outside

by Craig Hilton

Reprinted with permission from *Phlogiston* #40

Part I

For me, the hardest question to answer when people ask me "What is Furry Fandom?" is why they had to ask me in the first place. Indeed, it almost seems if Furry Fandom didn't exist, someone would have had to invent it.

Furry Fandom is that subgroup/affiliate of Science Fiction Fandom which is concerned with the portrayal of anthropomorphised animals, especially non-primate mammals. Beyond that, as with all fandoms, it cannot be defined, bounded, classified, tied down, caged in, folded, spindled or mutilated. I *do* know that at the core of it is the timeless essence which is surely at the heart of all of us—that notion of identification with the animals which share our planet. This essence would be familiar to anyone who was told the story of the three little pigs at bedtime, laughed at Bugs Bunny cartoons or ate their Froot Loops to the endorsement of Sam Toucan. The human trait of projecting our own awarenesses into non-aware things, creating unrealistic patterns and thereby examining reality itself, is a suspension of disbelief so universal... and which feels so right... that it does not beg for justification—it is integral to our human condition.

Now, the really strange part is that in our own particular rational, western, twentieth century civilisation, we have mostly relegated animal stories into the pigeon hole of children's business along with cartoons and comic books, and those who have wanted to enjoy them have had to apologise by saying "Well, it doesn't hurt to be a big kid every now and then." By consequence therefore, all our animal stories have been given children's content, or at least have been tamed enough so that children can be exposed to them without risk of grown-up corruption.

So although it need not have been, it *was* a novelty in the adult world when, for instance, Richard Adams released **Watership Down**, a saga of quest, comradeship, struggle and war amongst a band of rabbits in rural England—naturalistic and yet anthropomorphic at the same time. The novelty was that it wasn't aimed at the big kid in all of us, it was aimed at the *animal spirit* in all of us. And the public fell upon it as if this eternal essence was something new.

To my thinking, then, this is the ghetto that Furry Fandom comes from. Fandoms need their own ghettos. Science Fiction Fandom arose from the fact that four or five decades ago SF was a sort of disreputable literature, and its followers shared in common the fact that *they* were turned on by it while most other people weren't. Similarly a major driving force for Furry Fandom comes about from being able to feel at home with mature, adult stories using animals as characters when most other adults, through practice and habit, are not.

Sure that's a major landmark in the heartland of the territory and by no means the only one. But the motivation is no good without the mechanism, and with fandom this means communication with one another. Reading the books, watching the films and writing letters to the editors of the comics are all very well, but followers only become a community when they themselves begin to interact, through APAs and fanzines, face to face at conventions and parties, and through the mail, both regular and electronic. If I had to judge when Furry Fandom *per se* began, I should have to look for the starting dates of the very first furry APA and the very first furry room party.

Told as it is from the wilds of the antipodes, my own perspective on this chiefly American cultural *milieu* is necessarily unique and not definitive. (Hell, so is reality, but we're stuck with it.) I'm writing as one removed from the thick of it, who's not caught up in the personalities and the feuds and the high-jinks of the convention circuit, not bathed in the saturation of the latest animated series, not in a daily face-to-face interaction with its constituent members. It's a singularly ANZ point of view—fandom sustained by correspondence.

Come with me to when I first encountered this world, at the tender age of twenty-three. In those days I loved animal stories with a passion, *and* I was into fandom. The first was so patently natural to me I had no idea of the ghetto value that had the power to grant furrydom fandom status of its own. But then of course the community currently forming in the United States, unknown to me, had already begun to sort out its aspects of self recognition as if it were pegging out a claim—boobs, babes... no BEMs but plenty of SF and Fantasy, militaria, *serious* anthropomorphic story-telling, the US pop culture of the Saturday morning cartoons crossed with the fringe media of the small-market, independent-press comic books, and of course the existing framework of mainstream Fandom without which none of this could have been possible.

Joy Hibbert's sturdy genzine **Sic Buiscuit Disintegraf** Number 4, 1983 (from Great Britain, of all places!) was where I first learned of Furry Fandom. The issue contained an article by a correspondent from San Diego, California, with the unlikely name of Jefferson P. Swycaffer, who was discussing the Freudian sexual underpinnings of something he referred to as furry fandom. Well, after a fair amount of time and a lot of direct correspondence, Jeff and I were to become the best of friends, as so often happens with fen. It could well be that this was the first time this genre had travelled so far afield in mainstream SF fandom. But it would be years before I began to cotton on to exactly *what* Furry Fandom was.

Furry Fandom arguably had had its beginnings in February 1976, in an Amateur Press Association (APA)

zine called **Vootie**, founded by Reed Waller and Ken Fletcher, with contributions along the course of its lifetime from Larry Becker, Marc Schirmeister, Jerry Collins, Greg Bear, Timothy Fay and others. It was the first of its kind, an APA for cartoonists of funny animals. **Vootie** had its nucleus in Minneapolis, Minnesota and its roots deep in fanzine art. Just what sparked the combustion I don't know, but from the time it began, through its heyday to its eventual dwindling away to a final twenty-six page Issue 37 in February 1983, it began a fire that thereafter couldn't be put out. Employing a character developed in its pages, for example, Waller took a fellow fan's suggestion of publishing a funny animal comic with a soap opera plot and loads of graphic sex and came up with the unprecedentedly popular (and notoriously controversial) **Omaha the Cat Dancer**, the success of which probably had no small part to play in the rise of the independent furry/funny animal comics industry. Jerry Collins' sexy humanoid deer, or Bambioids, became such well-known figures that to this day they are associated with his name by countless furries who have never actually seen any of his own scarce artwork. And it was also the genesis of bigger things: about six months after **Vootie**'s demise, Schirmeister tried to renew the success by rounding up interest in a new APAzine, one which was to take off, flourish for over a decade to the present and provide the very backbone of Furry Fandom—**Rowrbrazzle**.

Of the beginnings of **Vootie**, Fletcher says that it was just a group of fan artists who enjoyed sharing funny cartoons (as opposed to serious illustration). For them, animals were a shorthand way of making a funny point. It must be significant though that while the criteria stretched loosely to anthropomorphic items of any kind, numerically the animals won hands down over the vegetables and minerals. Two more things were noteworthy in **Vootie** to distinguish it from the furry zines that were to follow—by and large, it was all funny and it was all cartoons.

The name **Vootie** came from an exclamation of animal jibberish talk which Fletcher and Waller had seen in a story from **Mad** magazine, the speaker being a chimp. It's probably more by accident than design that the origins of the name Rowrbrazzle reflect the slight shift in emphasis away from humorous, arty satire employing animals to the love of animal stories and related paraphernalia for their own sake. **"Rowrbrazzle"** (although it had been written more commonly as **"Rowr*b*azzle"** in the strips) originated from Walt Kelly's **Pogo**, a classic comic series beloved of the followers of American daily newspapers, being the deceptively subtle tales about the simple adventures of a gathering of woodland and swampland animals. In fact the word "Rowrbrazzle" was actually a cry of anger or pain, but as it was usually all used in fun, this gibberish was pretty well appropriate as a masthead for a publication aimed at a diverse range of people who wanted to draw comics or single pictures, write stories or in general discuss any matters in the field of funny animals.

A digression on terminology: Furry Fandom has never succeeded in settling on the right words to define its territory. From very early on, "funny animals" was a much contested phrase, since not all of the stories were funny—in fact some were downright serious. The most unrelentingly serious of them all, and arguably Furry Fandom's foremost doyen of the comic store racks, was the brainchild of an active SF fan in Seattle, Washington, Steven A. Gallacci. The story was **Erma Felna EDF**, which featured in a comic of his own launching, **Albedo Anthropomorphics** (dating from June 1984), and it told the futuristic saga of a female pilot in the Extraplanetary Defence Force of the Confederation of Planets in troubled times of war and political intrigue. The fact that it made use of an all-animal cast (rationalised later as genetically engineered subjects in an abandoned social experiment set up by a human civilisation long since fallen) seemed so utterly natural as to not require explaining as far as Gallacci and most of his followers were concerned, but it vexed the hell out of the rest of the people. "If it's not funny," they would say, "then why don't you just do the story with humans and be done with it?" The debate was at its hottest in 1986 with the new "funny animal" anthology series **Critters**, in which Gallacci's **Birthright** featured as one of its most popular stories. Gallacci's most patent answer might have been "Sure, I could have done it with humans, but then it wouldn't have been the same story." Stan Sakai, consummate professional firstly and fan secondly, could have replied similarly after his creation **Usagi Yojimbo** gave its readers a priceless tragicomic samurai epic of a wandering Ronin rabbit in a world of assorted animals. But if it worried some readers that their "funny animals" weren't always funny, perhaps it's worth remembering the precedent that neither are "comic books" always comic.

The first I knew anything of this was in late 1986.



Rowrbrazzle, No. 27. October 1990 © Craig Hilton

Critters #3, dated August 1986, was brought to my attention by Barb de la Hunty at The Space Merchants in Subiaco, in their latest consignment of imported books and comics sprawled over the floor at closing time one evening. I still treasure that self same, well-loved issue today, because nothing before or since can encapsulate better the scope of what tweaks my endorphins when it comes to funny animals, or furry animals, anthropomorphics, theriomorphics or whatever. Gallacci's soft, rich yet spartan, ink-brushed lines and air-brushed tones of grey, his seemingly innate talent for bringing humanised beasts and fowl to walking, talking life on the page, his sparse but essential use of dialogue (in this issue at least) and the deep, powerful, chilling conceptualisation of a once exiled prince facing his coming-of-age by returning to his former country and covertly (and reluctantly) catalysing a fierce revolution against the tyrannical government which even to that day held his family as secret prisoners of the state—as an example of the excellence of his work there has been none finer. For me, Gallacci's foxes are beings of exquisite beauty: the expressiveness of their eyes strikes the deepest corner of my heart.

Sakai's story in the same issue was flawless. I have since decided, on following his continuing output, that he began with perfection and then continued to improve. In the creations of Stan Sakai the same principle applies in all things: richness without redundancy. In the storyline, the dialogue, the impish puns, the panel layout, pencil work, ink work, in the delicacy of the shading of a landscape or the observation of detail in the minutiae of medieval Japanese life, it is always well done, never overdone. What's more is that he has had the rare capacity to produce a series with a wide appeal, so that furry and non-furry, old and young alike can read and enjoy a story that has been told just darn right, as judged by the smile on the lips or the lump in the throat. He also turns them out at a professional rate, that is regularly, on time, come hell or high water, so that his work to date fills at least five compiled volumes. In **Critters** #3, it told of Usagi's misadventures with a party of bandits, the town magistrate and his stolen horse. Interestingly, **Usagi Yojimbo** (of which this was one of the earliest stories) was Sakai's first excursion into comics. Right first time, Stan. Reading **Usagi**, I knew I was delighting in the work of a master.

I followed up more of **Critters** and ultimately the rest of the other small-independent-press, black-and-white, "funny animal" field. I hunted down Issue #129 of the trade magazine **Amazing Heroes** (Nov. 15th 1987), the "Special Funny Animal Issue", having a feature interview with Steve Gallacci, views from three dozen particular comic artists on why they preferred to draw animals over humans and a brief article on this strange thing called **Rowrbrazzle** for the young hopefuls. Gallacci and these others were the backbone of anthropomorphic comics in general and **Critters** in particular, and **Critters** in turn, amongst others, was a great drawcard for potential followers of Furry Fandom, as evidenced by the names in the letters columns: Jed Martinez, Juan Alfonso, Eric Blumrich, Mike Higgs, Noel Tominack, Tom Verre, Tim Fay, Eric Elliott, all were members (or would become members or in some way take part) in **Rowrbrazzle**, while on the other side of the fence Furry Fandom's principal and longest-running APA also filled its membership from the professionals. For example, from the aforesaid three dozen, Marc Schirmeister, Mike Kazaleh, Gary Fields, Stan Sakai, Ken Mitchroney and John P. Morgan joined at one time or another, and so did Edd Vick, who edited the issue of **Amazing Heroes** in question. Of course, **Rowrbrazzle** was not the be-all and end-all of Furry Fandom then or now, but in the grand flow-chart of things it would most definitely run all the way down the centre with lots and lots of lines attached to it. Similarly, although **Critters** was only one of several comic titles, and even though it has long passed on now, in the formative years of Furry Fandom it probably had a larger part to play than any of the other anthropomorphic, independent, black-and-white comics of the time.

But what was so special, from a fannish point of view, about these comics? Why small independent press? And why black and white?

The answer lies back in the ghetto. It's a minority market, and in it the audience look for that very thing that turns them on, produced by like-spirited individuals with total creative control over their dreams. That's the fannishness of it, for a cartoonist—if you can turn out a decent fanzine, you're halfway to your own real comic book, and the relatively low overheads of black and white make the whole process commercially viable... occasionally.

Of course, cartoonists were doing it well before Furry Fandom's conception—Vaughan Bode was trotting out his lizards in 1967 and Robert Crumb **Fritz the Cat** in 1969 for the underground comix machine—yet Furry Fandom looks on these (on those rare occasions that it does) as its antecedents rather than its own. To this present day the commercial furry B/W Indies have grown to meet the desires of the Fandom, while in a sort of symbiotic evolution of fits and starts the Fandom has approximated itself into a market for the material. I dare say if Bode and Crumb had had their glory ten or twenty years later, they would have been into it too.

The Undergrounds of the sixties spawned the "Groundlevels" of the seventies, which were neither underground nor mainstream. **Quack!** (beginning in July 1976), a short-lived funny animal anthology edited by Mike Friedrich, appeared about the time Furry Fandom was coalescing (*viz* **Vootie** in the same year), more so **No Ducks**, an even shorter-lived anthology a year later and in December 1977 the first issue of the well-and-truly-still-alive-and-kicking **Cerebus the Aardvark**. But Dave Sim's **Cerebus** took one road, the **Vootie/Rowrbrazzle** Furry Fandom camp took another, and nowadays the two are only on a nodding acquaintance. But via (the original) **Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles**, **Cutey Bunny**, **Albedo**, **Critters**, *et al*, the Groundlevels made their way towards a full commercial presence.

The artistic appeal of the B/W Indies was usually that one person had full control over the whole thing. That was their problem too. The best cartoonist won't always be a great conceptualist, writer, letterer, editor or producer, let alone managing the finances, haggling with the printers and

seeing to the distribution. There are—and were—very few great all-rounders.

Along with all this too is that a hack working for Marvel or DC may not get to see his private superhero with a title of his own while on the bottom rung of the ladder, but he *does* have a boss saying: "Look, we're paying you a regular wage, so get off that butt of yours and ink these pages by Friday." The biggest turn-off as far as the general public was concerned in regard to buying from the plethora of small one-title publishers was their infrequency (ie the long wait for the sequels to "Part One... to be continued."), which in turn was often due to their makers' need for to spend valuable drawing time finding a job in order to eat. And haggle with printers. And watch TV. Except for those with mainstream jobs who did a bit of cartooning on the side, which then essentially brings it back to a fannish thing.

If success for the independent creator had been a matter of producing a low-cost, high-talent masterpiece, selling it to a small marketplace at just above break-even, impressing a gradually increasing following and building up to a respectable stature it would have been easy. But it wasn't. The commonly-blamed spoiler in the equation was the speculator, a breed of entrepreneur who played merry havoc with the economics of the comics business. In the eighties, the speculators' activities of assigning stunningly high monetary values to selected rare back issues as well as automatically snapping up Issues One and Two of *anything* led to a bubble that burst in 1987, when a cohort of small publishers, eyes on the jackpot, came to produce their respective Issue Threes... and in so doing, came also to grief. Today we are in a collapse again, this time of the whole speculator market itself, precipitating a bust in the entire comic field, and Mainstream and all alike are suffering through the backlash and aftermath.

Chuck Melville, editor of MU's anthropomorphic line, looks on the boom 'n' bust of 1987 as a period of weeding. It saw the arrival and departure of several furry books, some good though most forgettable, with the best being still with us in some form or otherwise fondly remembered. We are now in the nineties. Where once there was an array of artists who each set up their own companies to produce the sort of comic books they'd like to read, we now have a smaller number of larger and better established Independents, handling the books of many creators. These are companies such as Miscellania Unlimited (MU), Antarctic Press and Mirage. But even they are not breaking even on their funny animal lines. So why do they run with them? Fandom, that's why—these guys are Family, with a fannish urge that cannot be denied. That and bloody-minded commercial optimism.

Another option for folk who wanted to put onto paper the sort of funny animal story they'd appreciate themselves was to go via an APA or a fanzine (which, as I've said, is halfway towards a fully produced comic book.) **Vootie** was there, firstly, and then **Rowrbrazzle**, which I would later join, as well as others in those early years—**The NIMH File** (Tim Fay's one-shot movie tie-in, 1986), **Q** (an erotic APA, sort of branched off from **'Brazzle**, by Jim Price, 1986 to 1989), **FurVersion** (a fanzine established by Karl Maurer, giving general contributors license to experiment with "adults only" material, usually sexual, 1987 to 1990), **Ink Spots** (Fay taking an APA to establish a centre of effort back in Minneapolis, 1988 to the present) and **Yarf!** (Jeff Ferris' move to put sex to one side and concentrate on quality and general readership, 1990 to the present).

The APA's were run in the standard way—you apply, and if granted membership then on a regular schedule you produce a stated number of copies of your contribution, send them in to the editor, who mails out to each member a compiled volume of everyone's product in a stapled or bound form. The contents consist of some substance of artistic or literary creativity, comments on other members' work in the previous mailing and general chit-chat on what's been going on lately. Copies aren't generally available to non-members—neither money nor the Fannish Usual will get you one. An APA is as much a club as a publication. Some would say elitist.

Furry Fandom zines are fanzines, Jim, but not as we know them. Not fannish, anyway. They're photocopied,



Taral does a Jerry Collins' bambioid for Mike Glyer's **File 770** © Taral 1985

virtually *never* mimeo'd (which is probably to do with photocopiers being more convenient, reliable and better at reproducing artwork.) More like small circulation magazines done as a hobby, they give the impression of being a bundling together of completed pages with little in the way of editorial intrusion. Rather than articles, comments and letters in typed columns interspersed with fillos wherever they may fit, Furry Fandom zines are more likely to have blocks of stories with appropriate illustrations, a moderate number of comic pages, a large number of individual "pin up" pages, and will be neatly bound and covered and will sell by mail or on the dealer's table at conventions for *money*. It's a different sort of culture. It's doers and followers. It doesn't go so heavily on listing addresses of all contributors and LoCers; it goes very little on LoCs at all. It encourages less free association by mail and more at conventions. In a sense... getting into a fanzine is *also* akin to membership in a club. And looking at a stack of them, it would not always be plain which of them were APAzines and which fanzines.

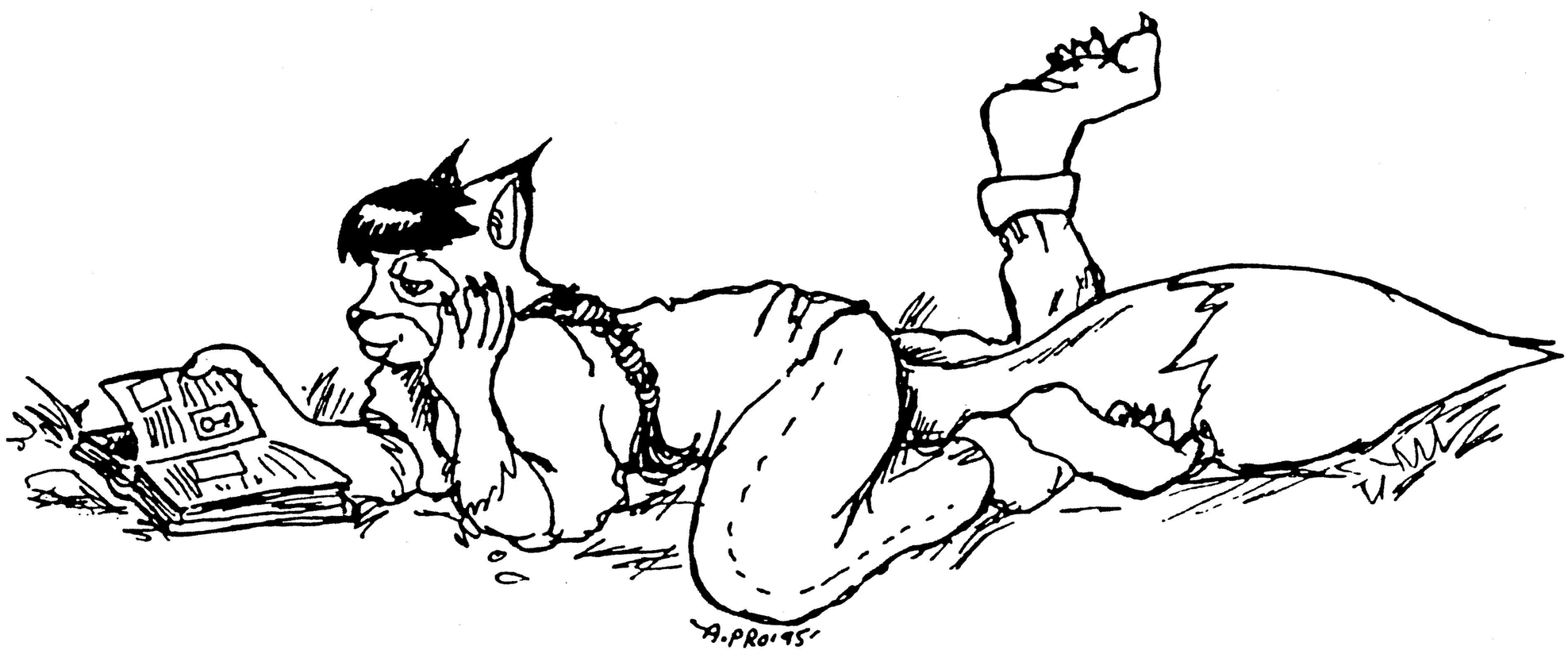
And then there are shared-world writing projects, another hybrid of the two, where the contributions all relate to a common world and characters, and the editor is there to coordinate any inconsistencies. And just to make things even more confusing, there are the many personal ventures variously termed APAs, fanzines, magazines and portfolios quite interchangeably by their publishers as if they weren't absolutely clear on the terminology themselves.

Rowrbrazzle, it could be argued, was the first vessel to bear the form of Furry Fandom we recognise today. Schirmeister gave it a broad agenda, to allow in anyone interested in cartooning, drawing, writing stories or even just talking about funny animals. So along with the comic strip makers came the writers of text fiction and literary criticism. The diversity stuck: this has been the way of Furry Fandom ever since. Not **Vootie**'s "I've got something funny to say" but a new sound: "Loooove them furry babes!"

What was it that hit the spot so right for so many people with furry humanoids and sex? This is a question that would need an article in itself. Suffice it to say that there are many people who go for it hook, line and sinker, and this brings into being one of the aspects of the fandom—love it or hate it—that cannot be ignored. For not only did the fanzines, the APAs, the sketchbooks and the convention art shows fill with the presence of spicy strips or "cheesecake" pinups or both, but some of the best artists (Terrie Smith, Ken Sample, Monika Livingston to name but a few) quite understandably fostered this market by trading on it where the living was to be made, their pictures for sale at conventions and by mail order. And those of them in the zine scene also reproduced the self same art pieces back in the fanzines and APAs for the other members to see. So there was a staple supply of sex, ranging from the alluring to the raunchy and beyond. And on the literary side, huge tracts of sexy fan fiction were the stuff **Furversion** and **Q** and, later, the electronic communication media were made of. Given time, the erotic side of Furry Fandom became such an established market, indeed such a booming side of the art shows at San Diego Comic Con and ConFurence by such a number of creators inhabiting the whole spectrum of capabilities, that the new independent comic publishers began to respond to the hunger with specifically "adults only" titles such as **Wild Kingdom**, **Menagerie**, **Princess Karanam** and **Tank Vixens**. (Shades of **Fritz** and **Omaha**!)

Many furries not sharing this mood have often complained that the most puerile elements of the sex business are also the most visible to the public eye. More than once has the anecdote been told of someone being told "Furry Fandom? Aren't those the perverts who like to do it with animals?" More than once has a fan contributed a fine piece but had to hide the zine from friends and relatives out of embarrassment. But fandom has a long tradition of rank amateurism, not to mention bad taste. And like it or not, sex has become an inextricable part of Furry Fandom.

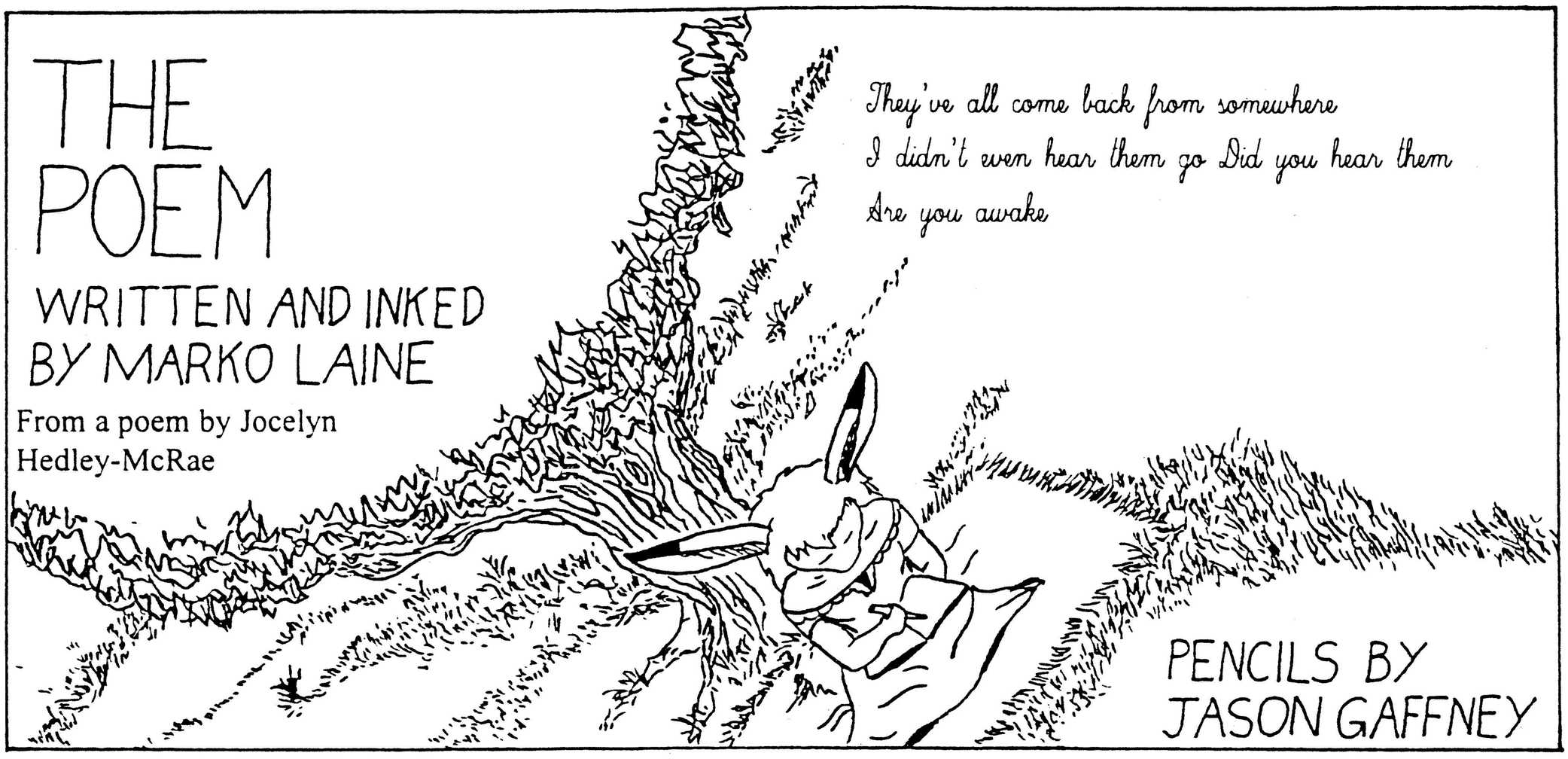
In the Next Issue: Furry Militech; Australians in Furrydom; Furry Room Parties; and Fred Patten's Leter of Comment.



THE POEM

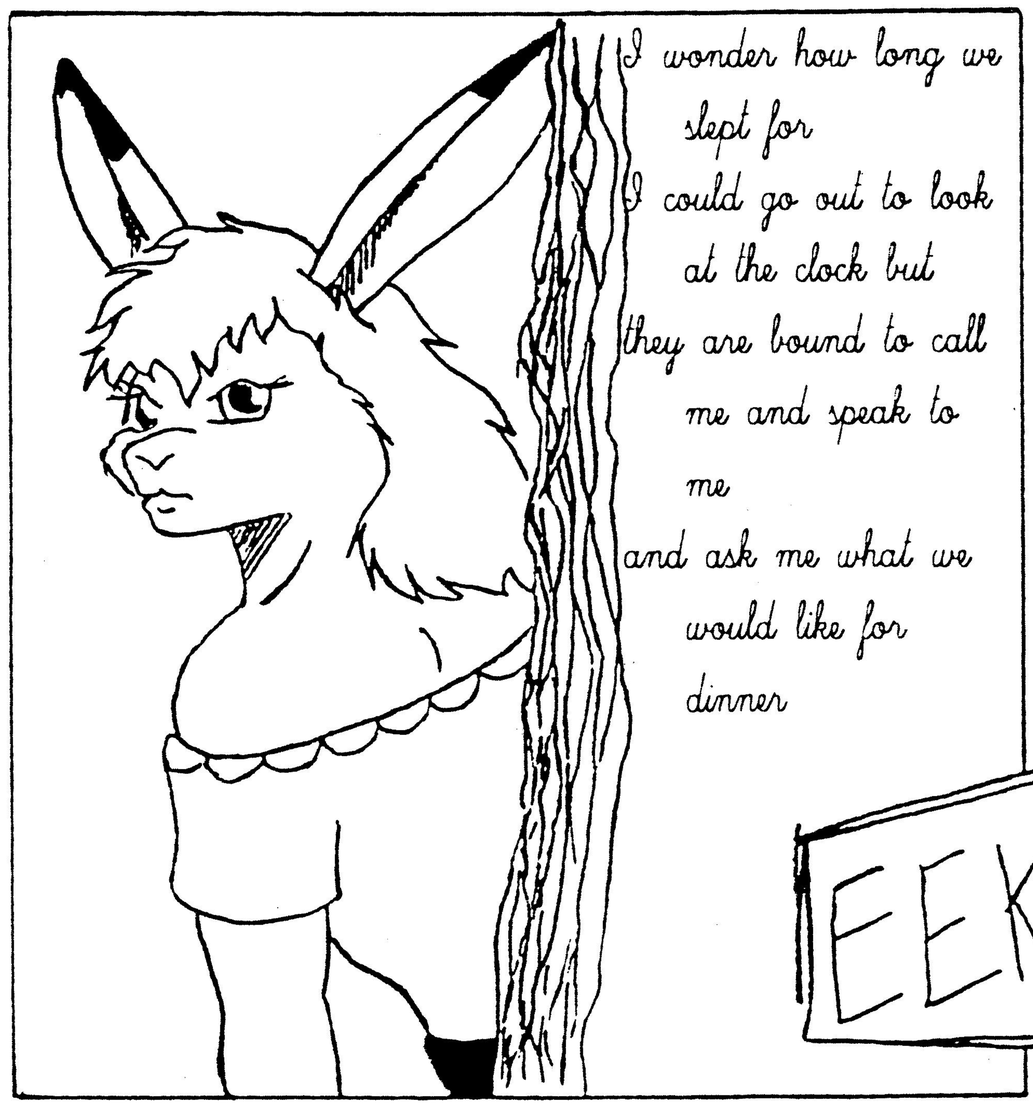
WRITTEN AND INKED BY MARKO LAINE

From a poem by Jocelyn Hedley-McRae







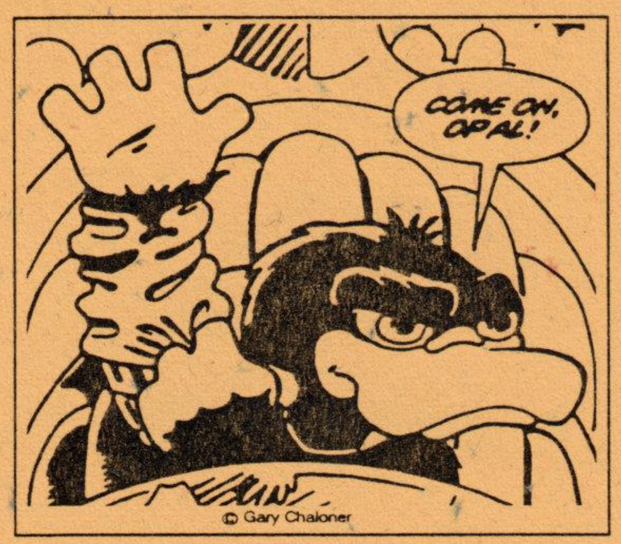






COPIOUS APOLOGIES TO JOCELYN HEDLEY-McRAE
FOR THE USE OF HER POEM "DOGS EAT RABBITS".

Peddling Their Wares...



Gary Chaloner, creator of the platypus super-hero **Flash Domingo**, will be publishing a new series of comic books featuring Flash in all-new stories as a global eco-warrior. Gary will be building up a stockpile of new material before releasing the issues some time in the future. If you want more information, write to:

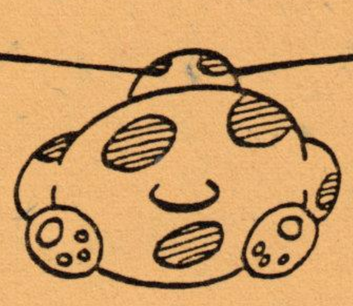
Gary Chaloner, Optic Nerve, Shop 11
27 Old Great Northern Highway
Midland WA 6056
Australia
phone or fax (09) 250 1991, USA prefix 011 619

Phlogiston, a science fiction fanzine printed by **Burning Tiger Press**, is one of the few that also recognises Furrydom. Issue 40, the Special Furry Fandom issue, featured the article by Craig Hilton we are serialising here, as well as an article by Jefferson Swycaffer. **Phlogiston** subscriptions and back issues are available from:

Phlogiston
PO Box 11-708
Manners Street
Wellington
New Zealand

Further information is available from the editor at **alex.heatley@vuw.ac.nz**


Logo designed and drawn by Glenn Young



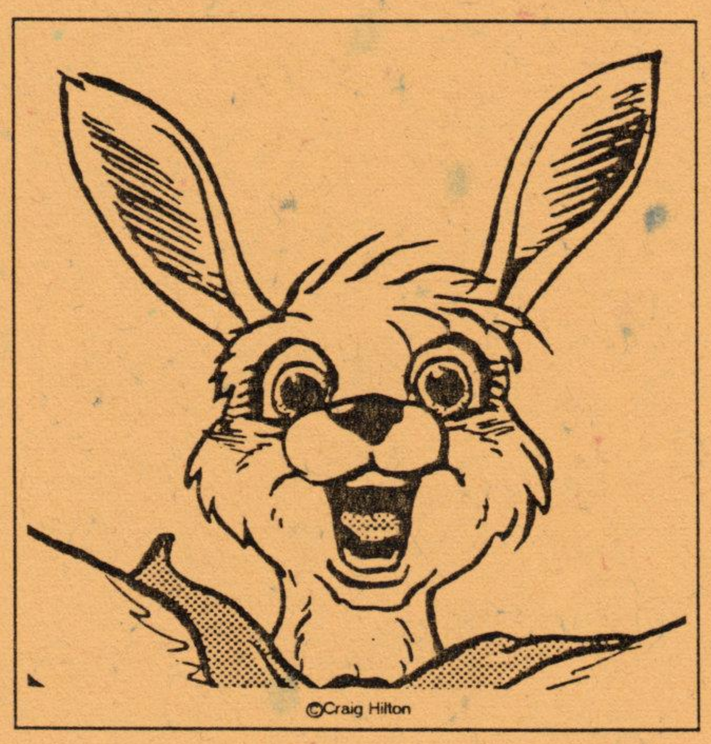
Dawg Gone Comics is an Australian mail order comics service that stocks funny animal titles. They have a large range of back issues to choose from. For a catalogue, write to:

Dawg Gone Comics
PO Box 159
Preston VIC 3072
Australia
phone (03) 9480 6443

You enjoyed this fanzine, but we **know** you want more! Issue 3 will be out in February 1996, along with the adults only edition. Inside you will find 32 pages of experienced and up-and-coming furry artists and writers, all for the low price of A$3.50. New Zealand orders add A$1.00; everywhere else add A$2.50 shipping. Subscriptions are available for the cover price times the number of issues you want. Issues are also available from **Mailbox Books** at US$5 plus postage.

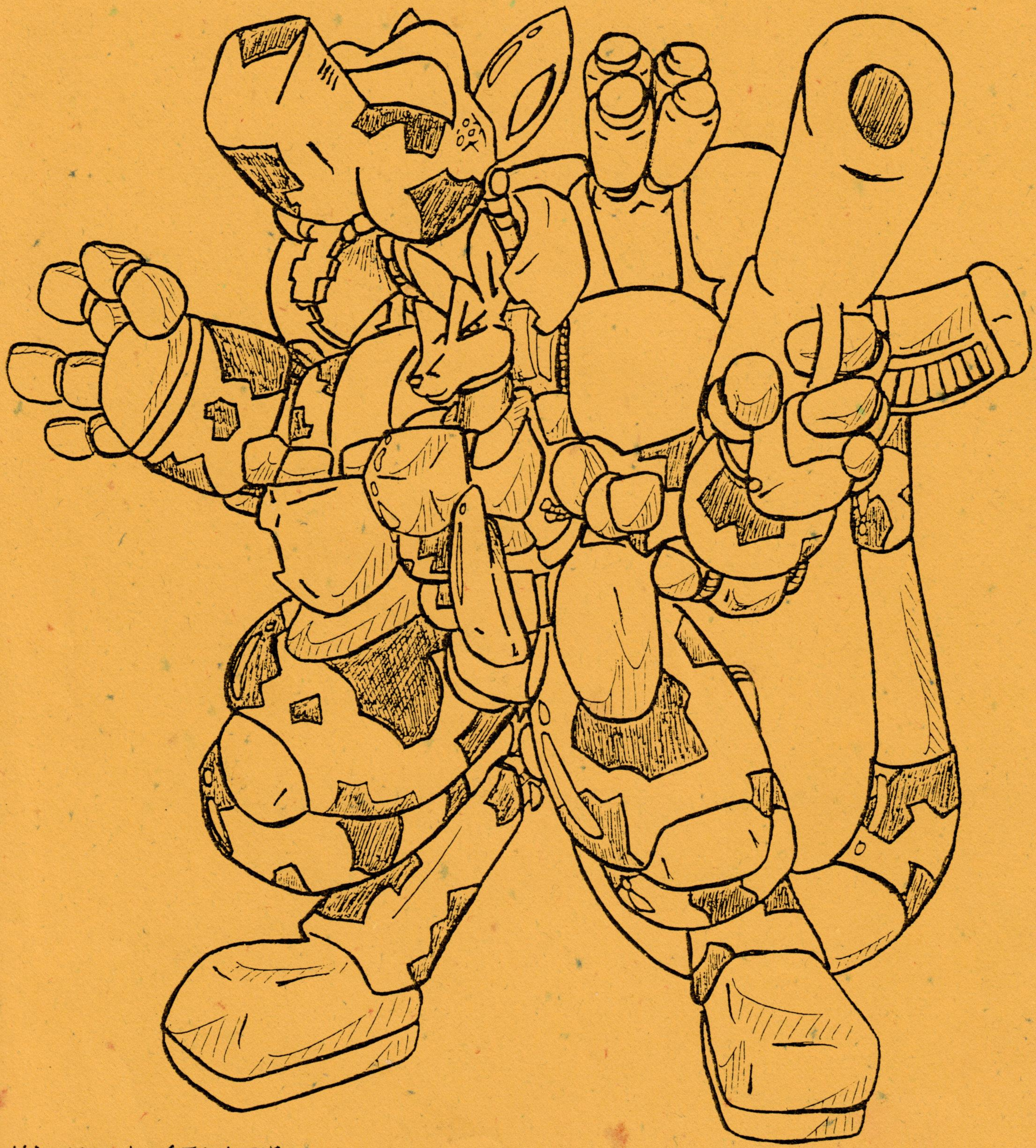
Write to:

South Fur Lands
c/o Jason Gaffney
10 Hibiscus Street
Cabbage Tree Point QLD 4207
Australia
phone (07) 5546 2180 fax (07) 5546 1061


©Craig Hilton

Text submissions are preferred in standard ASCII, on 3½ inch IBM-compatible disk or via email, or typed with lines double spaced. Artwork submissions should leave at least a 15 mm border on all sides. Good quality photocopies of completed inked works only, please. We request that all full page artwork submissions include a brief abstract explaining the piece, or outlining the inspiration that went into it.

Any submission of one page or more that we use earns the creator a *free copy* of that issue. Full submission guidelines are available from **laine@gil.ipswichcity.qld.gov.au**, **http://student.uq.edu.au/~s160289/sth-fur.html** and in the first issue, which is still available.



KANCARAN CENTAURUS
HEAVY POWER ARMOUR

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